

OCTOBER  
No. 31

10¢  
9

# CRACK COMICS



**SPECIAL!**  
\*\*\*\*  
**Captain  
Triumph**  
HELPS  
**A. SPADE**  
DIG HIS OWN  
GRAVE!





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Boys!

## FREE

### 5 POWER TELESCOPE

#### WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 11-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 1 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 11 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

# New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

## Safe Harmless!

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.00 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

**Send no money** To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ELLENOR MERCHANDISE MART  
100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Post 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.00. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.00 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 1 Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and 1 Free Telescope at the special price of \$1.75 (a saving of \$1.00).

**Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon**



ONLY KIM MEREDITH AND BIFF  
KNOW THIS STRANGE SECRET:  
WHEN LANCE GALLANT TOUCHES  
A BIRTHMARK ON HIS LEFT  
WRIST, HIS MORTAL BODY COM-  
BINES WITH THE SPIRITUAL  
POWERS OF HIS DEAD TWIN  
BROTHER MICHAEL TO FORM  
THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER—  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**

HEY, KIM!  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S**  
DISAPPEARED! I CAN'T  
FIND HIM OR LANCE ANY  
PLACE! HE'S  
EVAPORATED!



BIFF, HE MIGHT  
BE RIGHT IN THIS  
ROOM, PLAYING A  
JOKE ON US! ...  
YOU LOOK AS IF  
YOU HADN'T SLEPT  
ALL NIGHT!

I DIDN'T! I  
TOOK TWO OF  
THESE SLEEPING  
PILLS - BUT I  
STILL COULDN'T  
SLEEP.

... LANCE WENT  
OUT LAST NIGHT  
AND SAID NOT TO  
WORRY IF HE WASN'T  
BACK EARLY - BUT HE  
STILL ISN'T HOME!

BIFF - I'M  
WORRIED!  
MAYBE THIS  
HAS SOME-  
THING TO DO  
WITH LANCE'S  
DISAPPEAR-  
ANCE!





# The Times

LATE ★ EDITION

## A SPADE ESCAPES

LOOK FOR THIS MAN!



ENEMY SABOTEUR  
BREAKS PRISON  
ON EVE OF TRIAL  
KILLS GUARD WITH  
GUN MYSTERIOUSLY  
SMUGGLED INTO  
CITY JAIL HERE

Sink a Destroyer,  
and Hit 3 More

These ships were in the harbor when the attack was launched. The Japanese fleet was destroyed in the harbor. The ships were hit by the American fleet. The ships were hit by the American fleet. The ships were hit by the American fleet.

THEY WERE HIT BY THE AMERICAN FLEET. THE SHIPS WERE DESTROYED. THE AMERICAN FLEET WAS VICTORIOUS.

AN WHO IS A SPADE?

HE'S A MAN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH HAD ARRESTED SOME TIME AGO! THEY WERE TRYING HIS CASE YESTERDAY AND HE ESCAPED!



MAYBE HE GOT LANCE! I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!

OH, LANCE! I'M GOING TO THE POLICE - YOU'RE GOING HOME! IF SPADE IS LOOSE AND HUNTING FOR TRIUMPH, WE'LL LOOK HERE FIRST - AND YOU'RE NOT STICKING YOUR STUB NOSE IN THE WAY!



BUFF CONVINCES HER AT LAST AND SHE GOES TO HER OWN APARTMENT AS SHE ENTERS THE DOOR...

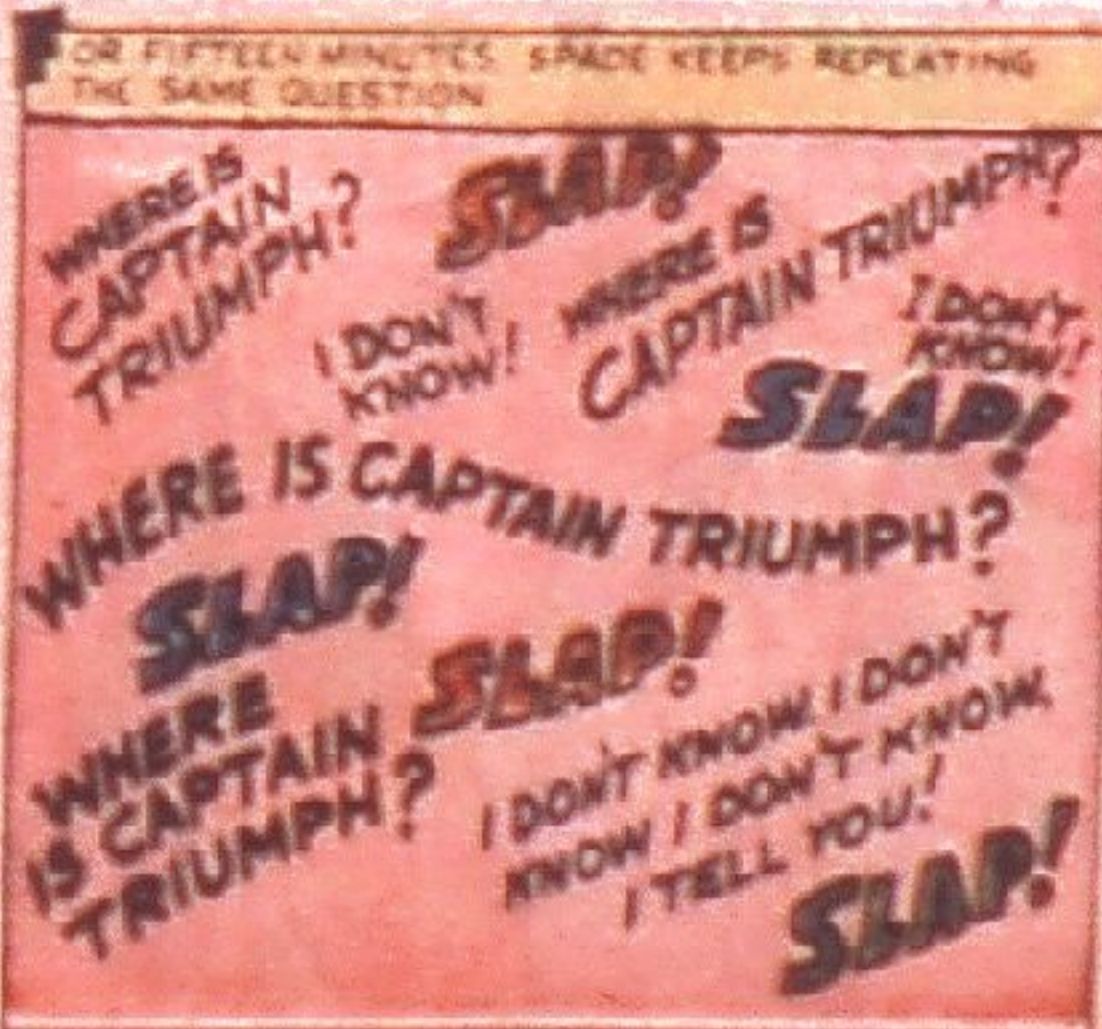
FUNNY - I THOUGHT I HEARD BREATHING! WHERE'S THE LIGHT SWITCH?















SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

I'LL MAKE HER TALK - LATER! LEAVE HER HERE WHILE WE GET SOMETHING TO EAT, TORPEDO!



LANKHILL, BIFF HAS LOCATED LANCE AT THE POLICE STATION...

I'M ALL RIGHT, BIFF! SPADE ESCAPED FROM HERE YESTERDAY AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO HELP THE POLICE TRACK HIM DOWN!

WHEW! WHATA RELIEF! KIM AND I WERE WORRIED! I'LL GO CALL HER AND TELL HER YOU'RE OKAY!



AS BIFF LEAVES...

EX-CUSE ME! I HEARD YOU SAY SPADE! I KNEW SPADE IN CHINA AND I READ THAT HIS TRIAL WAS BEING HELD HERE!

HAS BEING HELD IS RIGHT? SPADE ESCAPED FROM HERE LAST NIGHT! YOU SAY YOU KNEW HIM IN CHINA - WHAT DID YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?



UH - WE ONLY HAD BUSINESS DEALINGS - WE TRADED - LEGITIMATE TRADE! OF COURSE...

AT THAT TIME SPADE HAD NOT-ER-ENTANGLED WITH THE LAW! - ALLOW ME - MY CARD -

CARIM BOMBAY  
HOTEL MARLTON



LANCE GETS THE MAN TALKING AND REALIZES THAT BOMBAY AND SPADE WERE PARTNERS IN DEALS NOT SO LEGITIMATE - WHEN SUDDENLY...

LANCE! KIM DOESN'T ANSWER!

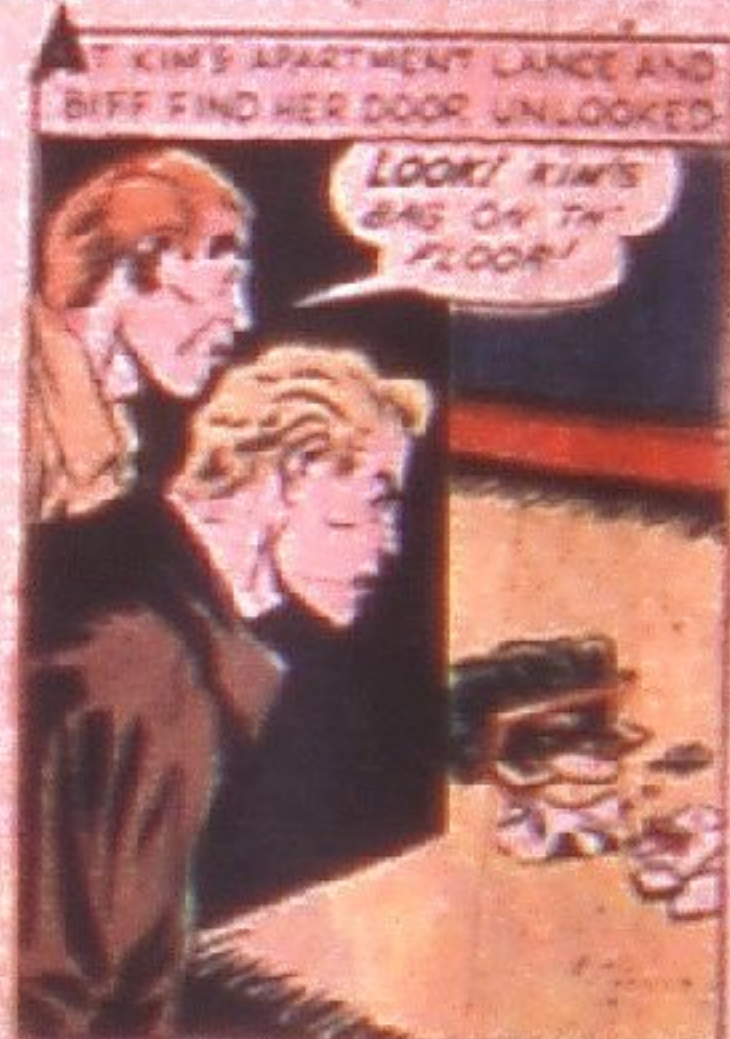
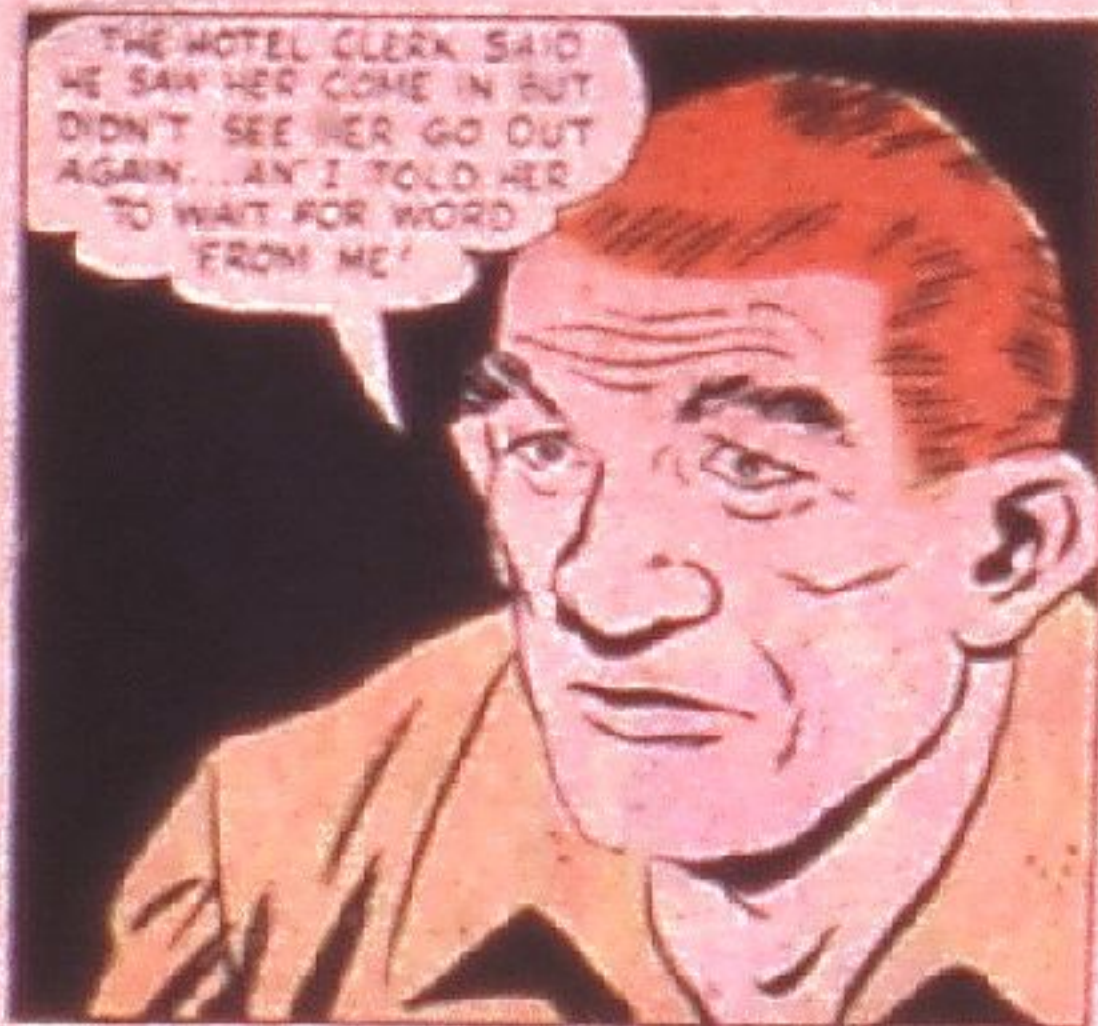


THIS DUCK KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S SPILLING! I OUGHT TO TRY TO GET HIM TO TALK!

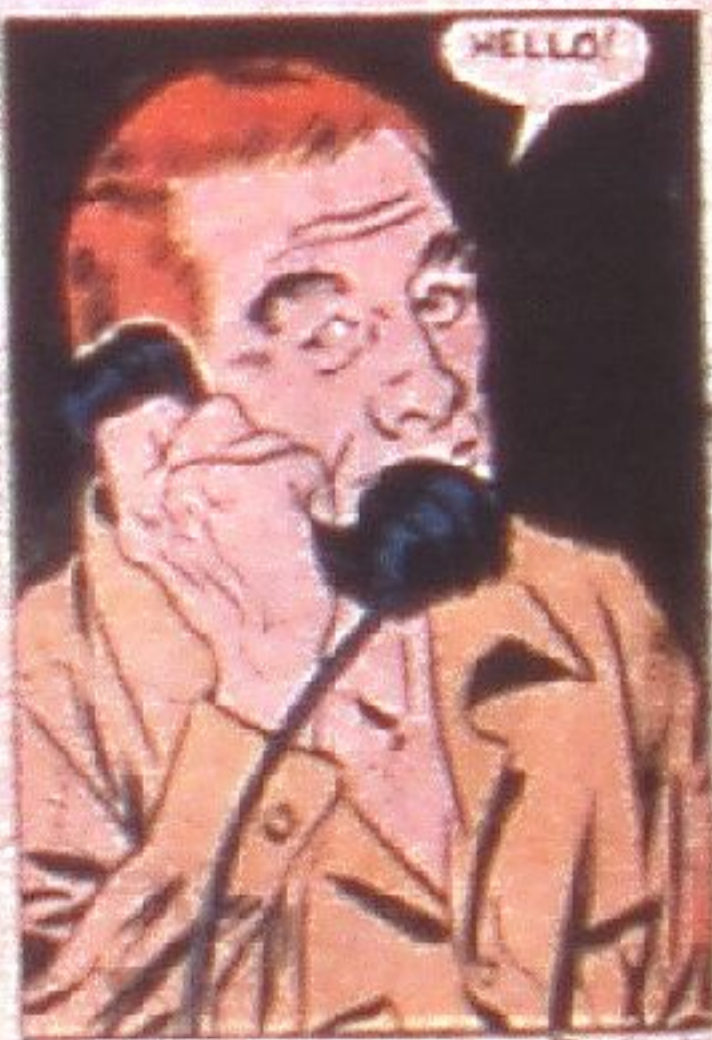
I KNEW SPADE TOO! HOW ABOUT JOINING ME FOR A DRINK?

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION!

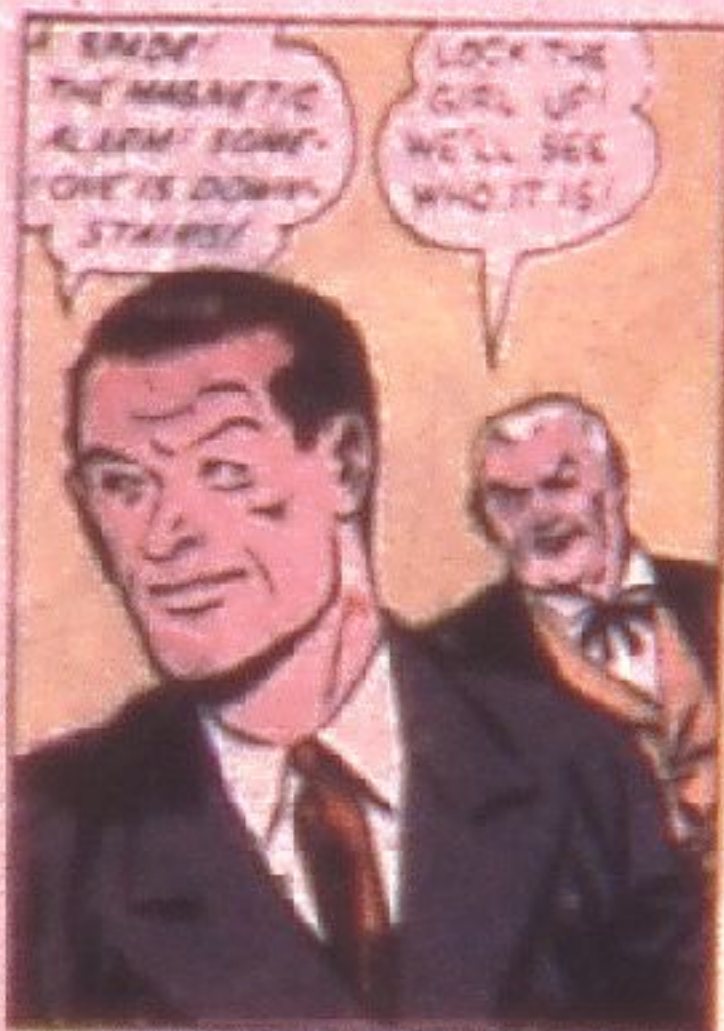




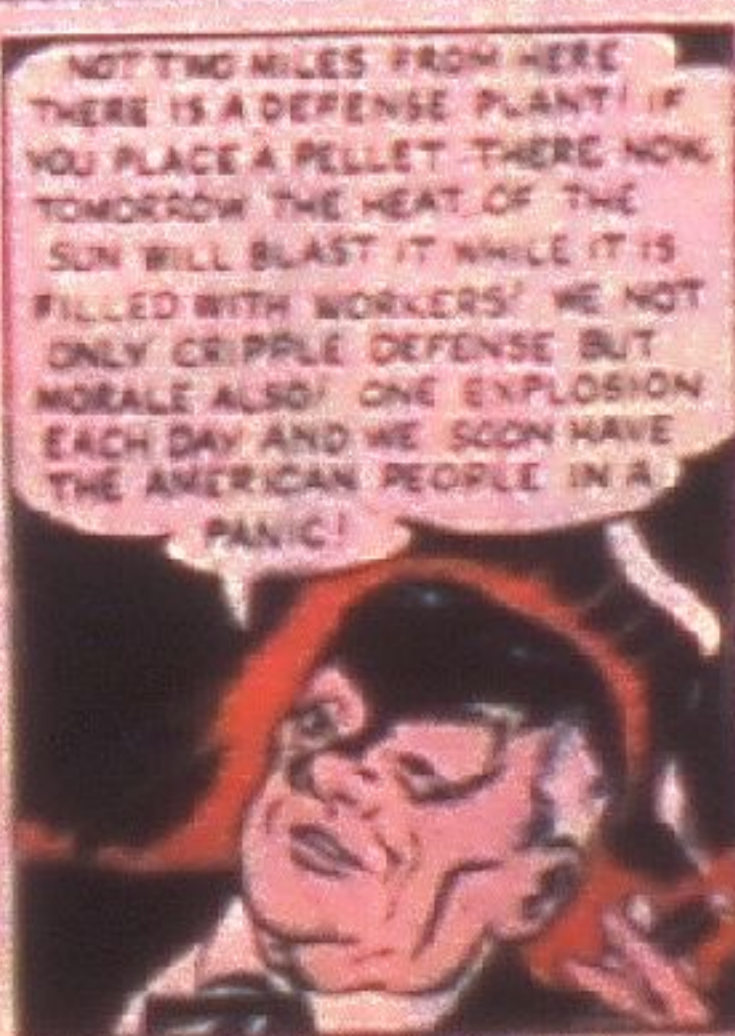
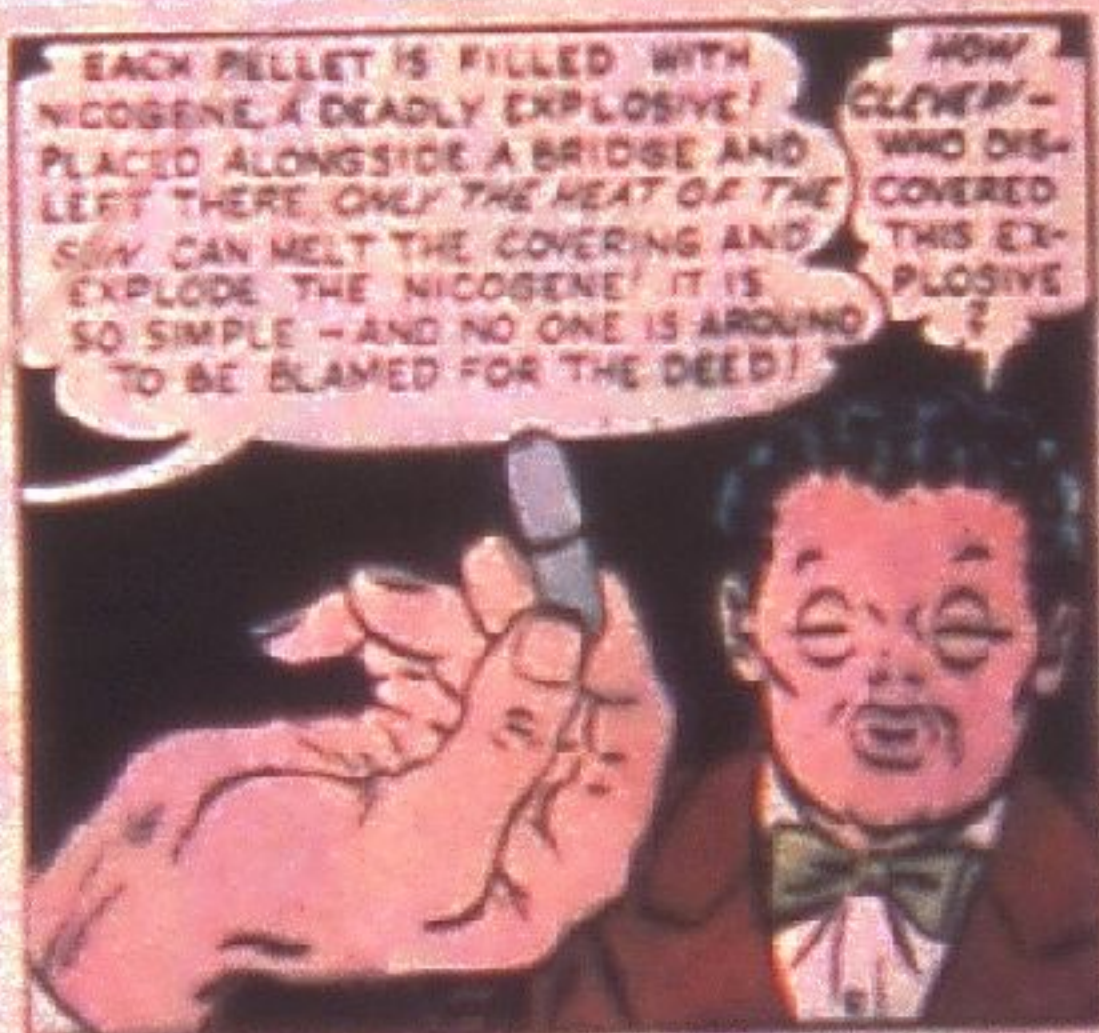








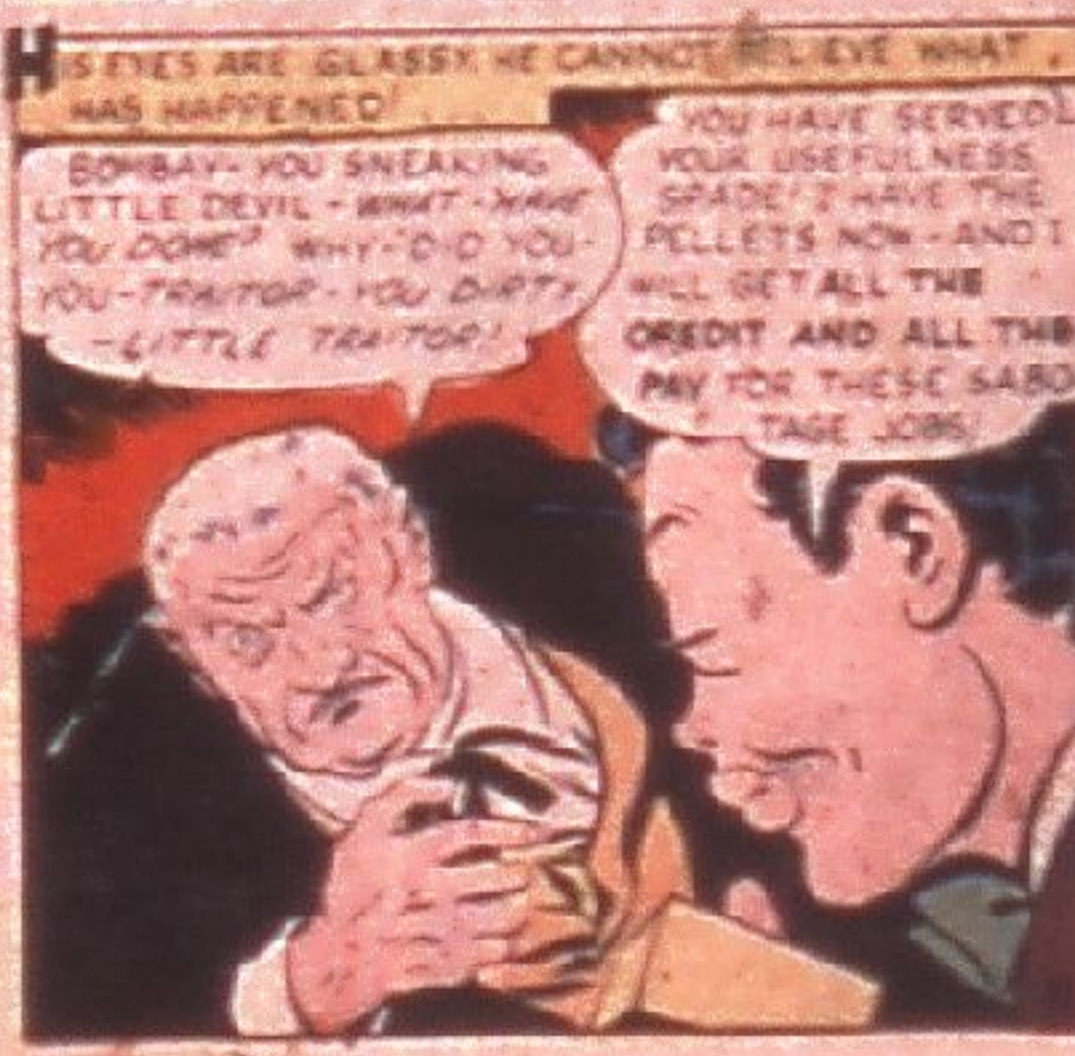
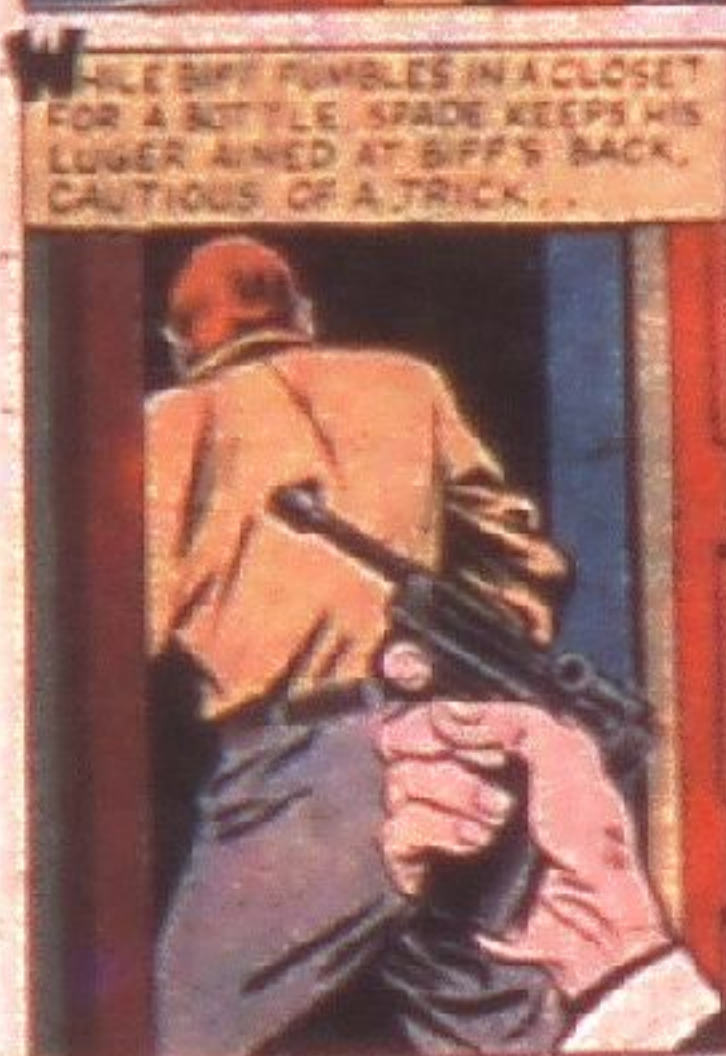
















I WAS A FOOL  
TO TRUST YOU,  
BOMBAY! I HOPE  
YOU DIE! I HOPE  
YOU DIE!

WE ALL WILL  
- SOMETIME -  
SPADE - AND  
THIS IS YOUR  
DAY!

BANG



HE -  
HE'S  
DEAD!

OBLIGING OF HIM!  
HE WAS RIGHT, YOU KNOW  
WE MUST KEEP CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH ALIVE! - HE IS  
VALUABLE! NOW WE SHALL  
WAIT UNTIL THE FACTORY  
EXPLODES TOMORROW!



WE LONG NIGHT VIGIL DRESS ON.  
BUT EVEN FALLS ASLEEP, FOR IT IS  
BOMBAY WHO MUST KEEP THE WATCH



THE MORNING LOOMS BRIGHT AND HOT.

YOU'RE SLEEPY,  
AH! BOY I FEEL  
FINE!

**SHUT UP!**  
YOUR CHATTER  
ANNOYS ME!



...AND THE BRAWNY JUNGLE  
OF THE SWAMPY TROPIC  
WAS A LITTLE LARGER.



**IN TEN MINUTES HIS HEAD IS BOBBING - HE STRUGGLES TO KEEP AWAKE!**

YOU-YOU  
FRENCH WHAT  
WAS IN THAT  
BRANDY?



**SLEEPING PILLS!** YOU  
DIDN'T SUSPECT I'D PUT ANY-  
THING IN LIQUOR I GAVE TRIUMPH,  
EHT? BUT I DID - HE COULD USE  
TH' SLEEP LAST NIGHT - BUT  
YOU CAN'T NOW!



HE GUN FALLS WITH A HEAVY THUD FROM BOMBAY'S HAND. HIS EYES ARE WILD WITH FURY. HIS MOUTH TWITCHES FOR LOST WORDS. HE SCUMPS OVER—ASLEEP!



LANCE! LANCE!  
WAKE UP! WE'VE  
GOT TO DO SOME-  
THING!



HAINTLY, LANCE HEARS BIFF AND WITH GREAT EFFORT  
PULLS HIS RIGHT HAND OVER HIS LEFT WRIST...  
WITH A MIGHTY CRASH, THE ALL-POWERFUL  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**  
STANDS WHERE LANCE HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS!



BIFF! THERE'S NO TIME  
TO LOSE! I'M TAKING THE  
CAPSULES FROM BOMBAY—  
AND GOING TO THE FACTORY  
BEFORE IT EXPLODES! YOU  
PILE SPADE AND BOMBAY IN  
THE CAR AND TAKE THEM  
TO THE POLICE!

OKAY, TRIUMPH!  
AND I'LL PICK UP  
TORPEDO AND KIM  
ON THE WAY!



IN A MOMENT TRIUMPH FLIES TO THE DEFENSE PLANT.



I'VE FOUND IT! IT'S  
ALMOST MELTED AND ABOUT  
TO EXPLODE! WHAT SHALL  
I DO WITH IT?



THEN HE DOES AN ASTONISHING  
THING—HE SWALLOWS IT! FOR TO  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, WHOM BULLETS  
CANNOT HARM, EVEN A CAPSULE  
OF DYNAMITE IS LIKE A HARMLESS  
MEDICINE!



NOW TO THE POLICE  
STATION TO TURN OVER  
THE OTHER CAPSULES  
TO THE AUTHORITIES!





MEANWHILE BIFF WAS ENTERED SPADE'S HIDEOUT, WHERE HE MAKES SHORT WORK OF TORPEDO.

THIS IS MY TORPEDO PUNCH! IT KNOWS 'EM DOWN EVERY TIME!



BIFF!

COME ON, KIM! THIS IS WHERE WE GET OFF!



WE'LL RIDE TORPEDO IN THE BACK SEAT WITH THE ROVER BOYS! YOU CLIMB IN FRONT WITH ME, KIM! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE POLICE STATION!

ALL RIGHT, BIFF!



OUT ON THE WAY THE SLEEPING POTCHION WEARS OFF BOMBAY— AND HE PULLS ANOTHER SMALL AUTOMATIC FROM INSIDE HIS SHIRT...



BIFF! LOOK!

LOOK INDEED! STOP THE CAR AND STEP OUT— BOTH OF YOU— YOU'RE WALKING HOME FROM THIS RIDE!



I GUESS I WAS WRONG, KIM! THIS IS WHERE WE GET OFF!

LEAVING KIM AND BIFF ON THE ROAD BOMBAY SPEEDS OFF—

BY MY AUNT BEDELIA'S BONNET I'M A BIG BABOON'S BROTHER!





IN A LITTLE WHILE THE CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION AND THE BODIES OF SPADE AND TORPEDO HURTLE OUT!



AND BOMBAY RACES AWAY IN THE CAR...

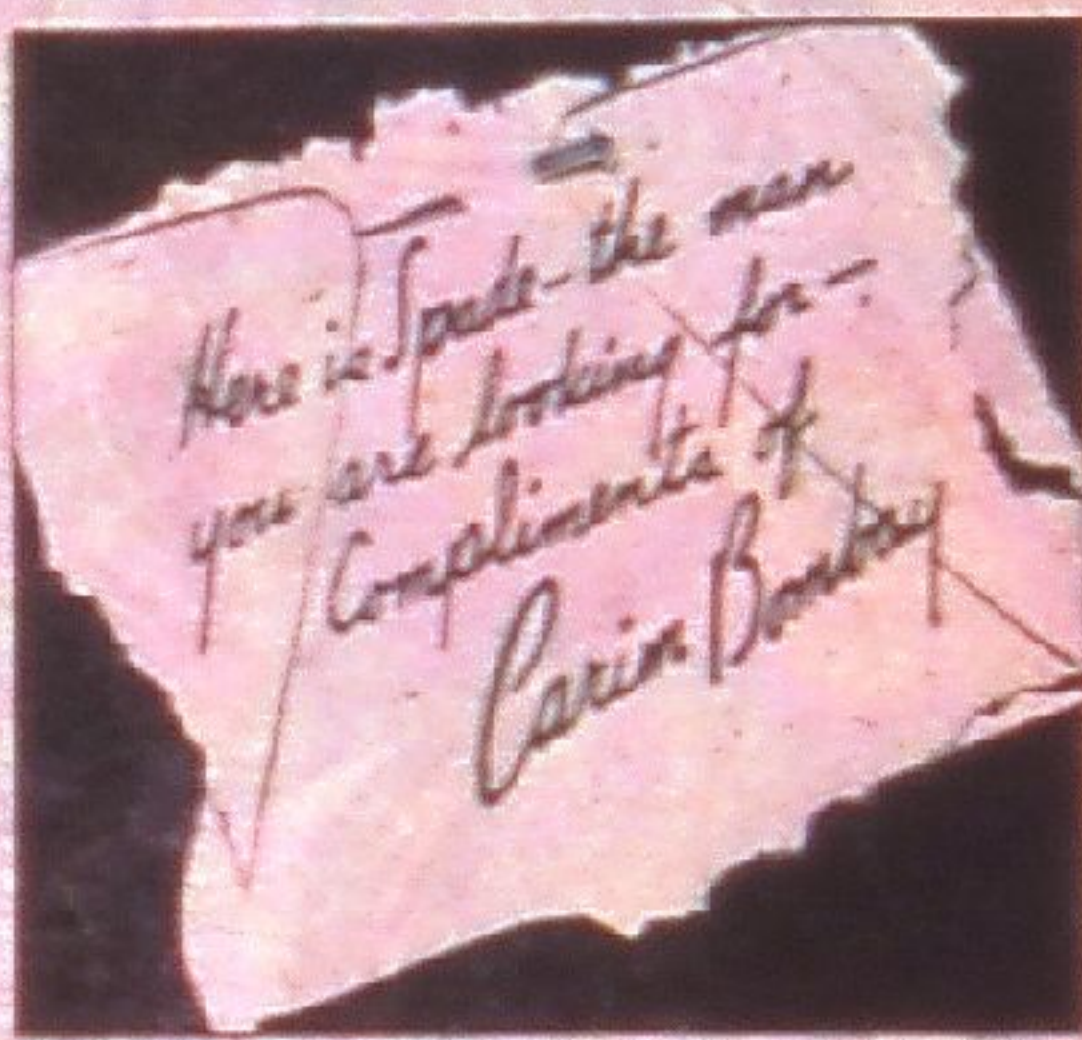


BIFF AND KIM ARRIVE AS TRIUMPH AND THE POLICE FIND THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF TORPEDO AND THE CORPSE OF SPADE...



THEY WERE THROWN FROM A CAR LIKE SACKS OF FLOUR!

HERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO SPADE'S COAT!



Here is Spade - the man you are looking for -  
Compliments of  
Cassin Bombay

BY MY AUNT TELLIE'S TEMPER, I'M MAD! I THINK THAT BOMBAY GUY GOT AWAY!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT BIFF! KIM IS SAFE. SPADE'S BEEN ELIMINATED. TORPEDO'S IN JAIL, AND THE EXPLOSIVE IS SAFE WITH THE POLICE!

AS FOR BOMBAY, I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL MEET HIM AGAIN - AND WHEN WE DO - I'LL TURN HIM OVER TO YOU, BIFF. JUST SO YOU CAN GET EVEN!



**WHHEW!**  
AREN'T YOU LIMP?  
**BUT WAIT!**  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S NEXT ADVENTURE WILL BE EVEN MORE CANNED WITH EXCITEMENT, SUSPENSE, THRILLS AND SURPRISES!





BY AL STAHL

© 1964 INK #1

NEW READERS... NOTE! INKIE IS AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF COMIC CHARACTER. THE SIZE OF YOUR FINGER, WHO DRAWS AND WRITES HIS OWN ADVENTURES!... WELL... ER... SOMETIMES THE ARTIST HELPS, TOO!...

SO... LET'S DROP IN AT THE STUDIO AND SEE WHAT'S BREWIN' AND STEWIN'...

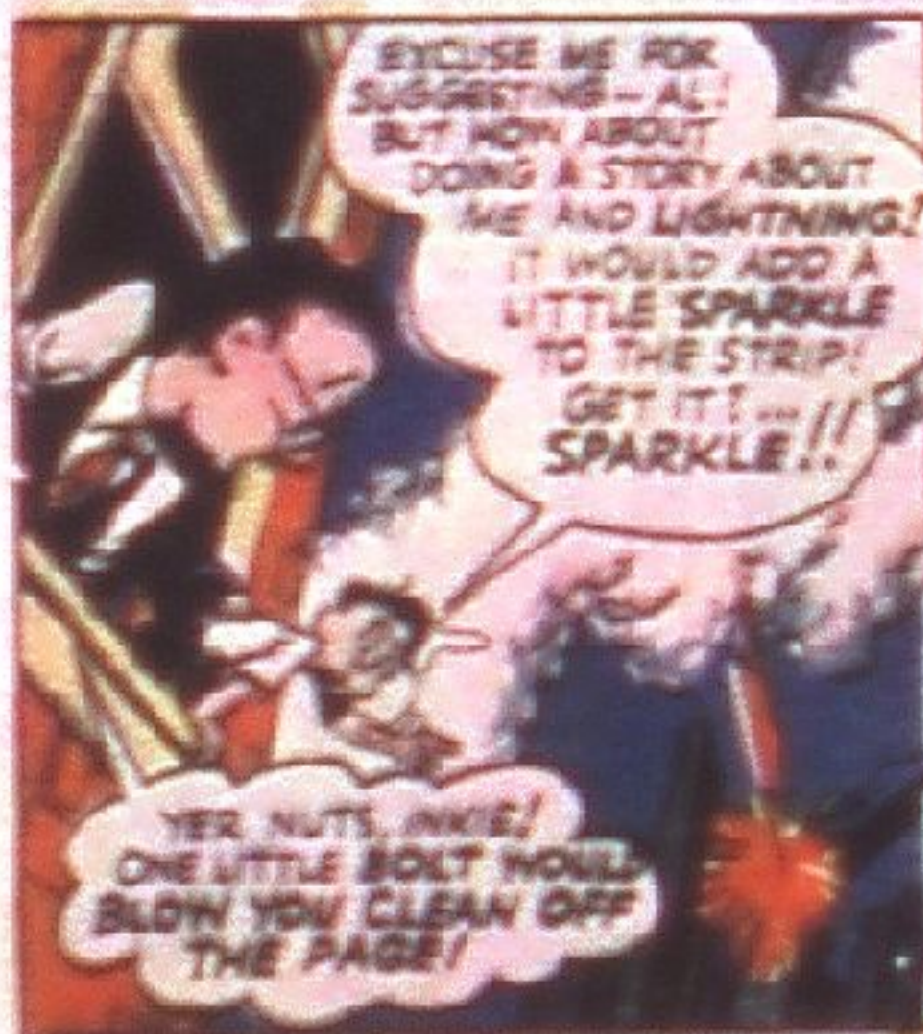
GOSH! ANOTHER DEADLINE TO MEET - AND NO IDEAS!

THOSE PEOPLE WHO READ THESE COMIC BOOKS THINK THIS IS AN EASY JOB!

YA SEE WHAT I MEAN, FOLKS! THE ARTIST IS REALLY NOT MUCH GOOD WITHOUT ME!

INK







OMIGOSH!... I GULP!  
HEY, AL!... GOLLY!...  
HE'S KNOCKED  
OUT COLD!

IT'S NOT THE ARTIST THAT  
HAS ME WORRIED - IT'S MY  
PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION  
AS A COMIC STRIP HERO!  
- GEE!

SIZZLING STREAKS, FOLKS!  
THIS PUTS ME ON A BIT OF  
A SPOT!... T-T - G-GUESS  
I GOTTA CARRY ON ALL  
A-A-ALONE!  
- SOBE

C'MON DOWN AN'  
FIGHT LIKE A MAN!  
NO BOLT IS GONNA  
BREAK INTO MY  
STRIP SO  
EASILY!

CRACKLE!  
POP!

IF I COULD ONLY GET  
YOU DOWN TO MY SITE,  
I'D - I'D - ER - NO! -  
I D-DON'T THINK I  
W-WOULD AT THAT!

ZANG

AM I BOTHERIN' YA,  
BUD? WHAT'S ON  
YER MIND -  
HUH?

ER... NOTHING  
AT ALL...  
NICE DAY -  
PLENTY  
OF LIFE -  
?GULP?

BUT YOU HAVE SOME  
NERVE!... POPPING ALL  
OVER THE PLACE!...  
SCARING PEOPLE!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
DO SOMETHING  
USEFUL??

GEE WHIZ! GIVE A  
GUY A CHANCE - THIS  
IS MY FIRST SOLD!  
I'M JUST TRYING  
OUT MY  
ELECTRONICS!  
GEE  
WHIZ!













哇! TO THE  
HONORABLE  
SECRET WEAPON!  
哇!!!  
I FIX  
HONORABLE  
LIGHTNING  
STREAK!



哇!  
HA! LOOD  
GET SPECIAL  
HONORABLE  
MEDAL FOR  
DEED OF  
VALOR!

哇!  
HE SWITCH  
FROM  
HONORABLE  
LIT TO  
哇!



I- I'M AFRAID TO  
I-LOOK! - POOR  
LIGHTNING!



GULP! STIFF  
AS A BOARD  
[SOB] - YAN HE  
WANTED TO BE  
A MAN! [SOB]

IT'S ALL  
MY  
FAULT!  
[SOB]



[SOB]  
[SOB]  
I MADE HIM  
DO IT JUST  
TO GET A  
STORY!  
[SOB - SOB]

哇!  
哇!  
哇!



哇! 哇! WELL -  
IT IS HONORABLE  
INKIE FROM COMIC  
STRIP!

WHAT?!  
ER -  
GOSH!  
- JAPS!

THEY  
KNOW  
ME!



KOW!  
WHY -  
ER - KOW!

哇! 哇! WE  
FOLLOW HONORABLE  
ADVENTURES EVERY  
MONTH IN HONORABLE  
CRACK COMICS  
IS HONORABLE  
GOOD!

CRACK  
COMICS



哇! 哇! I WANT  
HONORABLE  
AUTOGRAPH

哇! 哇!  
SIGN  
HERE!

AHEM!  
MY  
PUBLIC!

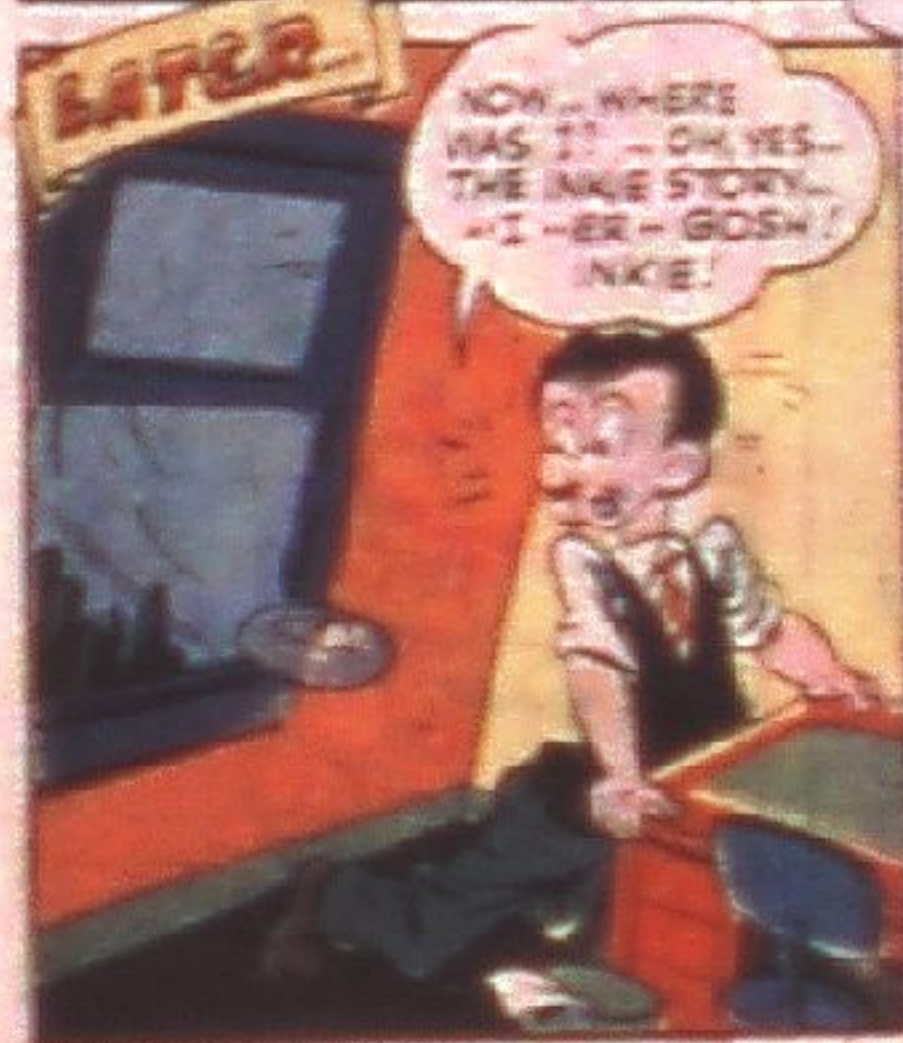
哇! 哇!  
PLEASE  
MAKE  
DRAWING!

MINE  
TOO!



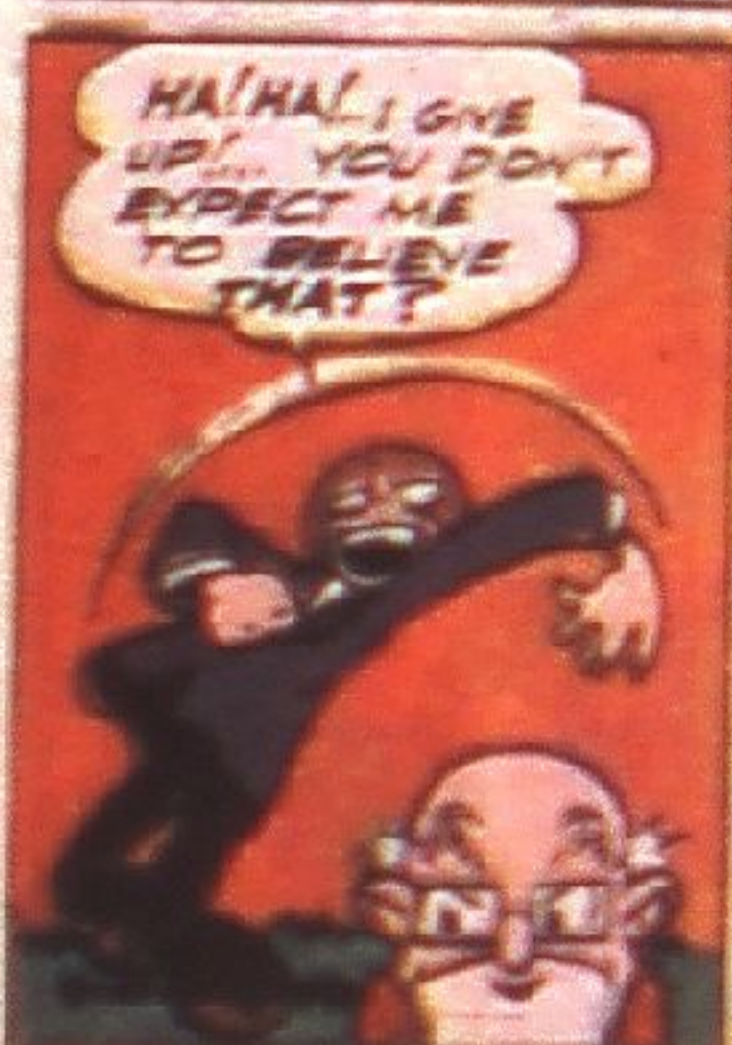








# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY





# THE CLOCK



THIS IS A GUN! IT IS QUITE HARMLESS WHEN IT IS NOT IN THE HANDS OF A KILLER—



THIS IS A "KILLER"— HE IS QUITE HARMLESS AND YELLOW, UNLESS HE HAS IN HIS HAND, A GUN—



THIS IS THE VICTIM— HE IS QUITE HARMLESS, A HARD WORKING, LAW-ABIDING, THRIFTY CITIZEN— A CREDIT TO HIS COMMUNITY— THE PREY OF ALL CROOKDOM!

THIS IS THE CLOCK, HE IS QUITE HARMLESS, UNTIL HE IS CALLED UPON TO ERASE THE EVILS OF CRIME— THEN IT IS WOE TO THOSE WHO VIOLATE THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE!



by  
GEORGE E. BRENNER



NOW, LET'S ADD THEM ALL TOGETHER---

THE GUN

+

THE KILLER

+

THE VICTIM

=



+



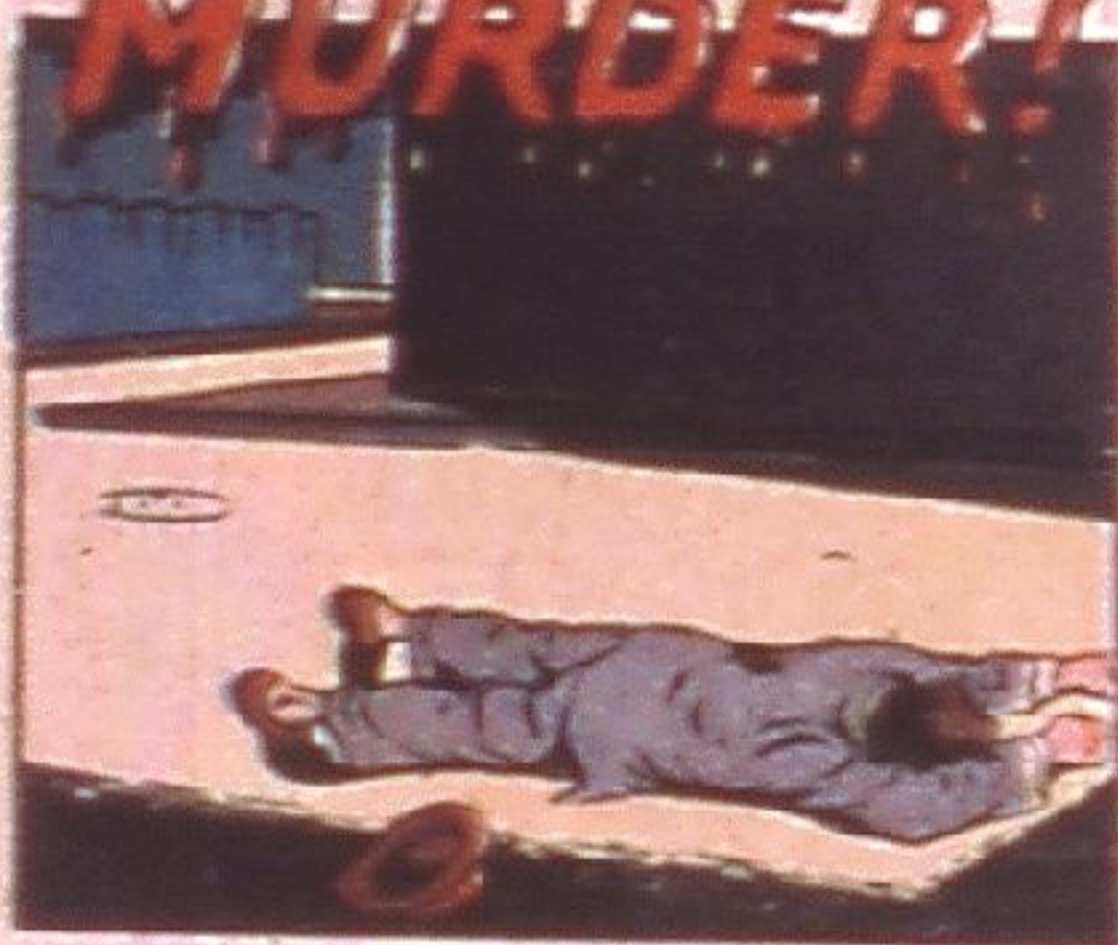
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# MURDER!

MATHEMATICALLY THE SUM TOTAL OF THIS EXAMPLE OF INJUSTICE IS RIGHT, BUT THE CLOCK STEPS IN AND PROVES IT'S WRONG!



THE STORY STARTS LATE ONE EVENING---JOE DOE CLOSES HIS STORE---











I SWEAR DAT BOAT  
WAS FOLLERIN' ME-  
I BETTER TAKE  
NO CHAYCES--



AN' I'LL SEE  
YA THERE-AN'  
HURRY LIKE A  
BUNNY--



I TAUGHT  
SO--



C'HERE,  
SQUIRT!

ULP!

I GOTTA  
THINK FAST!



WHAT'S DE IDEA  
O' FOLLERIN'  
ME??

FOLLOWIN' YOU??  
DONT BE A DROOP,  
DIP- WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT THAT I'D  
WANT??



WHO ARE YA  
WAITIN' FER??

WHO, ME?? ER-AR-  
SQUEL!- WHY-A-A  
SAILOR-THAT'S IT, A  
SAILOR--



-AN' HE'S PLENTY JEALOUS-IF HE SEES  
YOU ANNOYIN' HIS BIG MOMENT  
HE'LL TIE YOU IN SIX  
DIFFERENT KNOTS- SO  
SCRAM, BUM!!





MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK IS HURRYING TO BUTCH'S CALL---







AND THEN







WATCH IT, BOSS—  
HE'S GOT A  
"SHIV" ON HIM—



WAS HE GOING  
TO USE IT ON  
YOU, BUTCH?



YEAH, SO OPEN UP A  
COUPLE OF PLACES  
ON HIM WITH  
YOUR DUKES  
INSTEAD!



WOW!  
AND THAT  
TAKES CARE OF  
THE REST OF  
HIS TEETH!

UGH!



NOW WE'LL CALL THE  
POLICE, AFTER I LEAVE  
MY CARD ON OUR  
FRIEND HERE—

CARD—  
WHAT CARD??



MY CARD, BUTCH,  
IT'S A ONE WAY  
TICKET TO MR. EDISON'S  
ROCKING CHAIR—  
LET'S GO!!



AND SO REVEALS THE CLOCK  
HIDES CLEAN ANOTHER SLATE,  
HARRIED BY MURDER—

FOLLOW THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
CRIMINAL CRIMEBUSTER IN ANOTHER  
THRILLING STORY IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!





HOW'S THINGS SINCE I BEEN AWAY NITTY?

AWFUL! FIGHTERS ARE SCARCER THAN SIX-DAY BIKE RIDERS IN A PHONE BOOTH!

BEHOLD! THE BRAND-NEW TITEN I BUILT UP AS YOUR SUCCESSOR!

GOTTA SCRAM AN MEET MOLLY NITTY!

IT'S GETTIN' SO I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU EXCEPT WHEN YOU'RE SLAPPED ABSOLUTELY SILLY!

SAY! WAS THAT DANNY DEEVER WHO JUST WENT OUT!

YEH THE FIGHTER WHOSE STYLE ANY EVERY MOVE I BEEN WASTIN YA TO IMITATE - HEY - WHERE YA GOIN'?

TO START MY IMITATIN RIGHT NOW!

LATER AN OODOROP CIGAR PLEASE

AN OODOROP PLEASE

BOY! WHAT A DAY! IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

BOY! WHAT A DAY! IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

AND A SWELL DATE WITH MOLLY - WOW!

WOW!

MOLLY!

DANNY!

MOLLY!

?

HEY EXCUSE ME - WASN'T THINKIN JUS' ABSENT MINDED. HONEST!

OH YEAH

I BETTER FIND THAT SLAP SILLY PUE O' MINE HE WASN'T ACTIN NORMAL WHEN HE LEFT THE GYM

BUT YOU'RE PERFECTLY NORMAL AGAIN NOW, THANK GOODNESS!



DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
STILL TRYING  
TO GET A JOB  
AS A MALE  
ARTIST'S MODEL!

THIS TIME  
I GOT THE  
JOB

AND THIS ARTIST  
HAS REAL  
DOUGH TOO

IS THIS  
THE AD?

IT'S THAT WACKY FUTURISTIC  
PUNKIE BOSS AL TEAPOT! I  
DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD  
AFFORD A MODEL!

WILL ONLY  
THE BOSS ONE  
MALE IN MODERN  
DRESS OR  
SOMETHING

EN-LAD - YOU DO NOT  
FEEL - DO NOT QUOTE  
CATCH IT GOOD!

HE SHOULD  
CALL HIS  
"FISH  
BEFORE  
DA FALL"  
- NOPE  
NO GOOD!

LATER

ALAS - AND STILL YOU  
FAIL TO GIVE ME NEAR  
POTION!

IF ONLY YOU  
COULD GET  
INSPIRE

WAIT!  
HOLD!  
EAT!  
SINK IS  
WHAT I  
WANT

WONDERFUL! AS ENCOURAGEMENT  
I PAY YOU A WHOLE YEAR'S  
SALARY TODAY IN  
ADVANCE!

WHAT A  
BOSS - HE'S  
PROBABLY DASHING  
OFF A CHECK  
RIGHT  
NOW!

WOW!

AND  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
THING?

YOUR SALARY SAK.  
ALAS I HAVE NO  
MONEY BUT WHAT  
EE'S MONEY'S COMING  
TO ORIGINAL SKETCH  
BY DE GREAT  
BORIS  
AL TEAPOT!

WHEN I AM DEAD EAT  
MASTERPIECE WILL  
BE WORTH  
\$ 10,000!

OH -  
I WILL  
EAT!

WELL WE'LL FIX THAT  
LITTLE DETAIL RIGHT NOW!



# HACK O'HARA



**HACK O'HARA** IS NO SORCERER, BUT HE TURNS THE TRICKS ON A PAIR OF CLEVER MAGICIANS!... YOU'LL SEE HACK STEAL THE SHOW AS HE PUTS REVERSE ENGLISH ON THE PLANS OF THESE TWO MURDEROUS CRIMINALS!

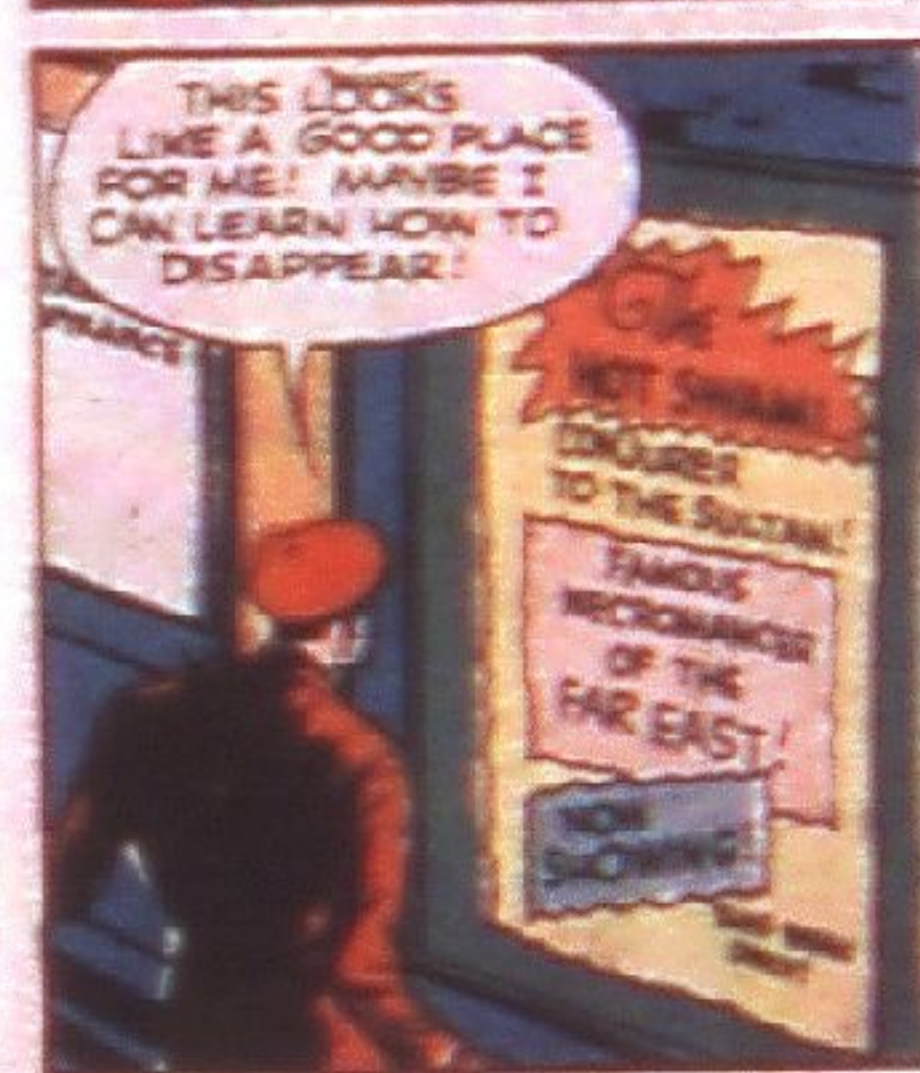
TWO AGAINST ONE ISN'T FAIR, BOYS!

SO SORRY!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU, MY FRIEND, TO KEEP YOUR NOSE WHERE IT BELONGS!











PLANTING THE  
GUN IN THAT SAPI'S  
HAND WAS A  
GOOD IDEA!

YEH, BOSS!  
THAT OUGHTA  
TAKE THE  
HEAT OFF  
US!

UH-HUH!  
THAT'S ALL  
I WANTED  
TO KNOW!

FIRST  
CURTAIN  
CALL,  
SWAMI!

QUICK, ALL!  
SEE THAT  
EVERYTHING  
IS IN  
READINESS!

IT'D  
BETTER  
DUCK!



WHAT THE HECK?!!  
SOMEBODY'S GIVING  
ME THE  
BIRD!

THE IDIOT!  
HE FOLLOWED  
US HERE!

PUT HIM IN WITH  
LEO! WE CAN  
TAKE CARE OF  
HIM AFTER THE  
ACT!

YOU'RE TOO  
MEDDLESOME!  
LEO WILL GIVE  
YOU PLENTY  
TO THINK  
ABOUT!

YEH! HE'LL  
BE GLAD  
TO HAVE A  
PLAYMATE!



NOW I KNOW  
HOW DANIEL  
FELT!...

THANK GOODNESS!  
THE CATCH DIDN'T  
HOLD ON THIS  
TRAP DOOR!

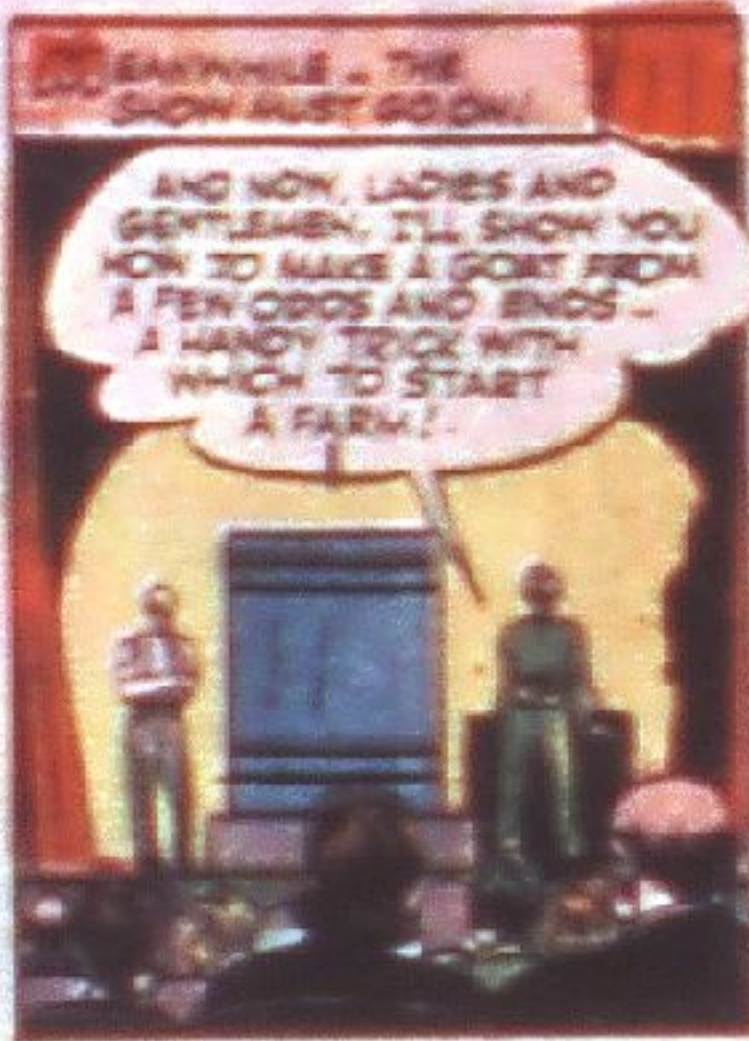
HAVE YOU SEEN A  
HACKIE AROUND  
HERE?

JEEPERS!!  
THE  
COPS!!!





PIGEONS, LIONS - AND  
NOK BULLS! I'VE  
GOT TO HIDE!



MEANTHILE - THE  
SHOW MUST GO ON!  
AND NOW, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW TO MAKE A GOAT FROM  
A FEW ODDS AND ENDS -  
A HANDY TRICK WITH  
WHICH TO START  
A FARM!...



YOU WILL NOTICE THAT  
THERE IS NOTHING IN THE  
BOX! IT IS AB-SO-LUTELY  
EMPTY!...



FIRST, WE NEED  
A BIT OF  
HIDE...



NEXT, WE SHOULD  
GIVE OUR GOAT  
SOME HORNS!...



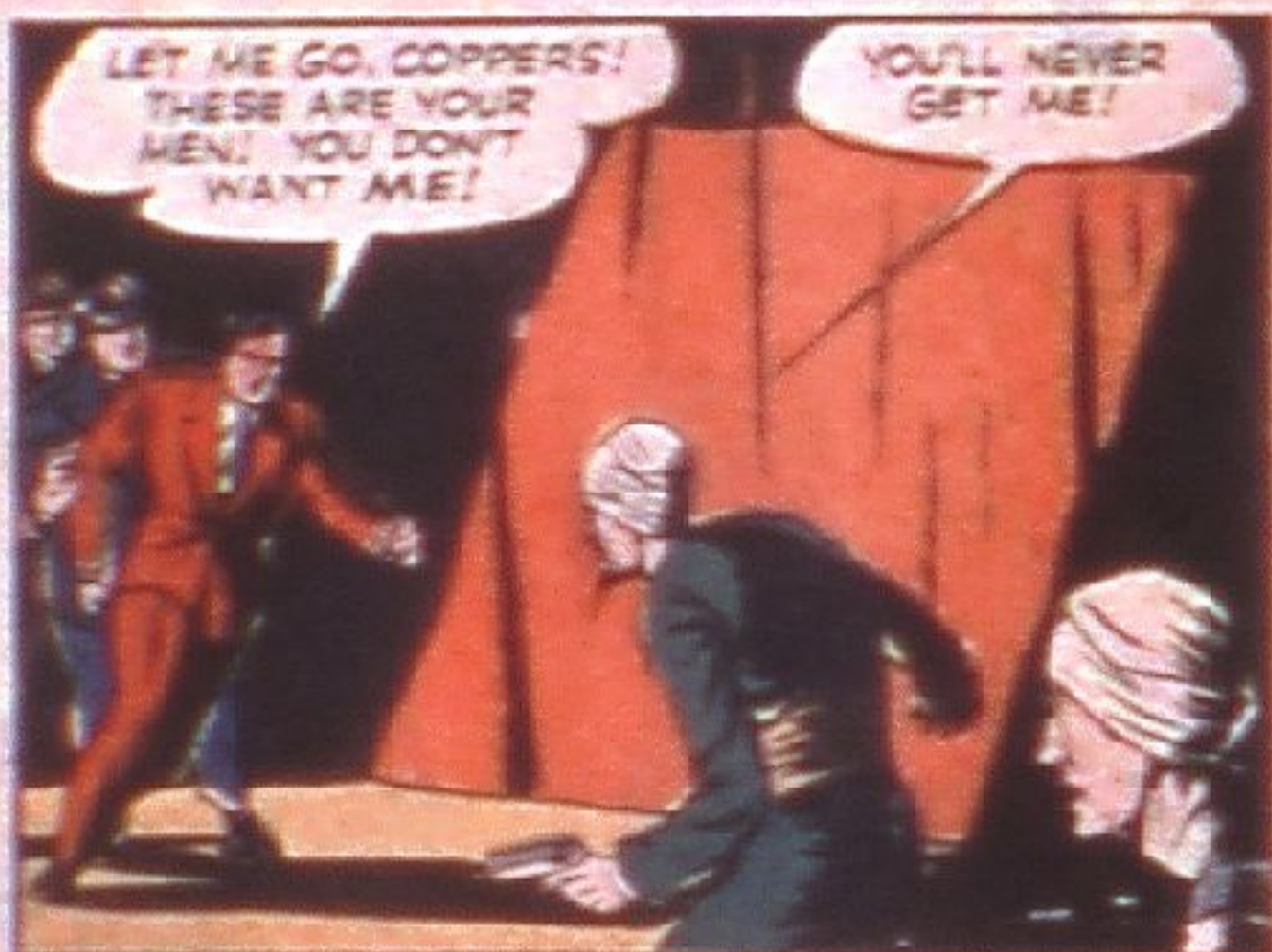
AND NO GOAT WOULD  
BE COMPLETE UNLESS WE  
FILLED HIM UP WITH  
TIN CANS!...



NOW - WE MIX THIS  
WELL - AND I WILL  
PRESENT THE  
PERFECT GOAT!











NICE GOING, HACK!  
I GUESS THAT  
CLEARS YOU!

JUST A  
MINUTE,  
BOYS!...  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ELSE!



I THINK I CAN  
SHOW YOU THE  
REASON FOR  
THE MURDER!



A FORTUNE IN  
OPIUM! THESE  
GUYS WERE IN THE  
DOPE RACKET!

THE F.B.I.  
MAN MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
ON THEIR  
TRAIL!

...AND  
THAT'S  
WHY THEY  
MURDERED  
HIM!



HACK, YOU'RE  
TERRIFIC! HOW  
DID YOU EVER  
FIGURE THIS  
OUT?

AW, IT'S A CINCH!  
I KNOW ALL ABOUT  
THIS MAGIC STUFF!  
LOOK! - I'LL SHOW  
YOU A  
TRICK!



I'LL GET INTO THIS  
BOX - YOU PUSH THE  
BUTTON ON THE SIDE  
- AND SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS!

OKAY,  
HACK!



GEE, THAT'S  
GREAT!

HE'S  
GONE!



HELP!



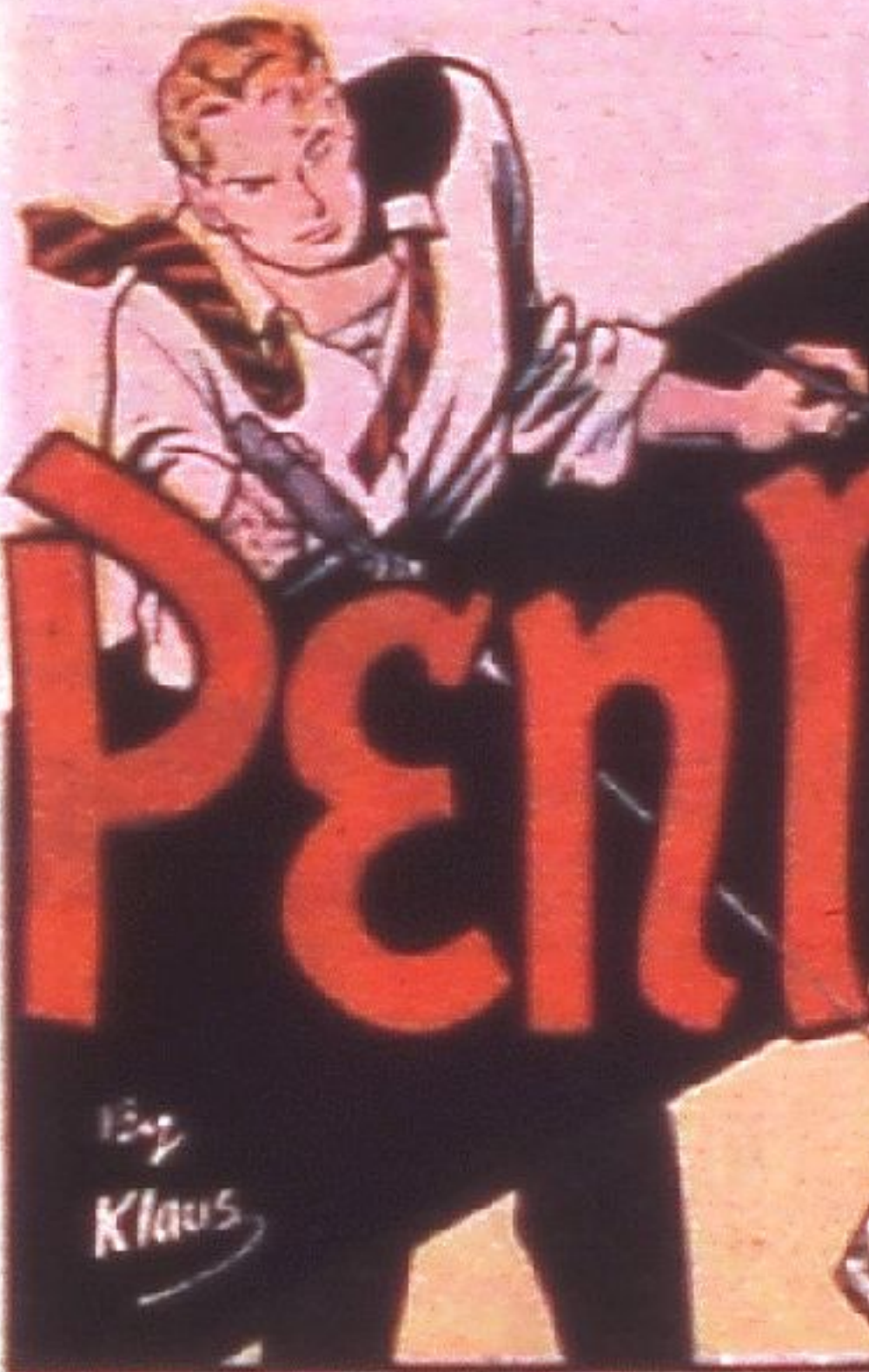
I'M THROUGH WITH THIS  
MAGIC STUFF! AFTER THIS,  
I'M GOING TO STICK TO  
DRIVING A CAB!







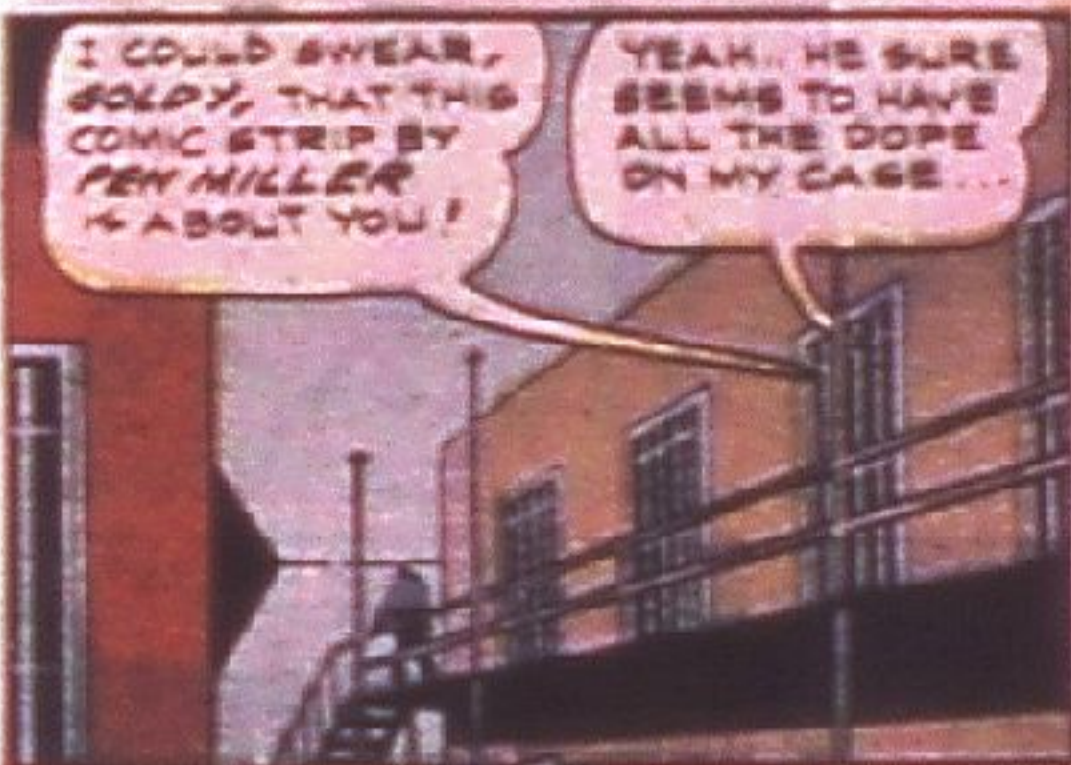
# CARTOONIST DETECTIVE



I COULD SWEAR,  
GOLDY, THAT THIS  
COMIC STRIP BY  
PEN MILLER  
IS ABOUT YOU!

YEAH.. HE SURE  
SEEMS TO HAVE  
ALL THE DOPE  
ON MY CASE...

HE'S BEEN PRETTY DAMN ACCURATE UP  
TO NOW.. BUT HE CAN'T KNOW *EVERYTHING*  
ABOUT ME! LEAVE ME SEE WHAT'S HE  
GOT ABOUT ME IN THAT THERE TODAY,  
BENNY...



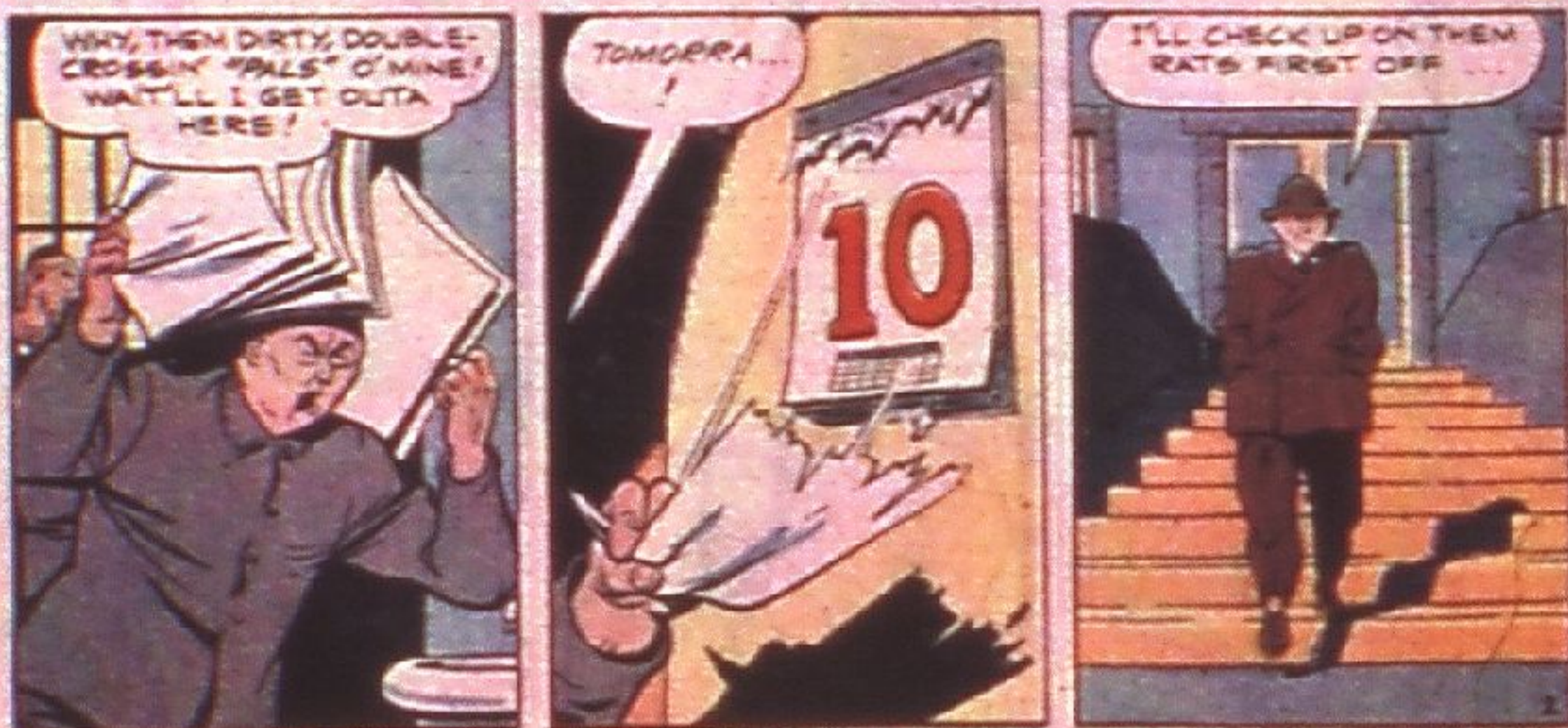
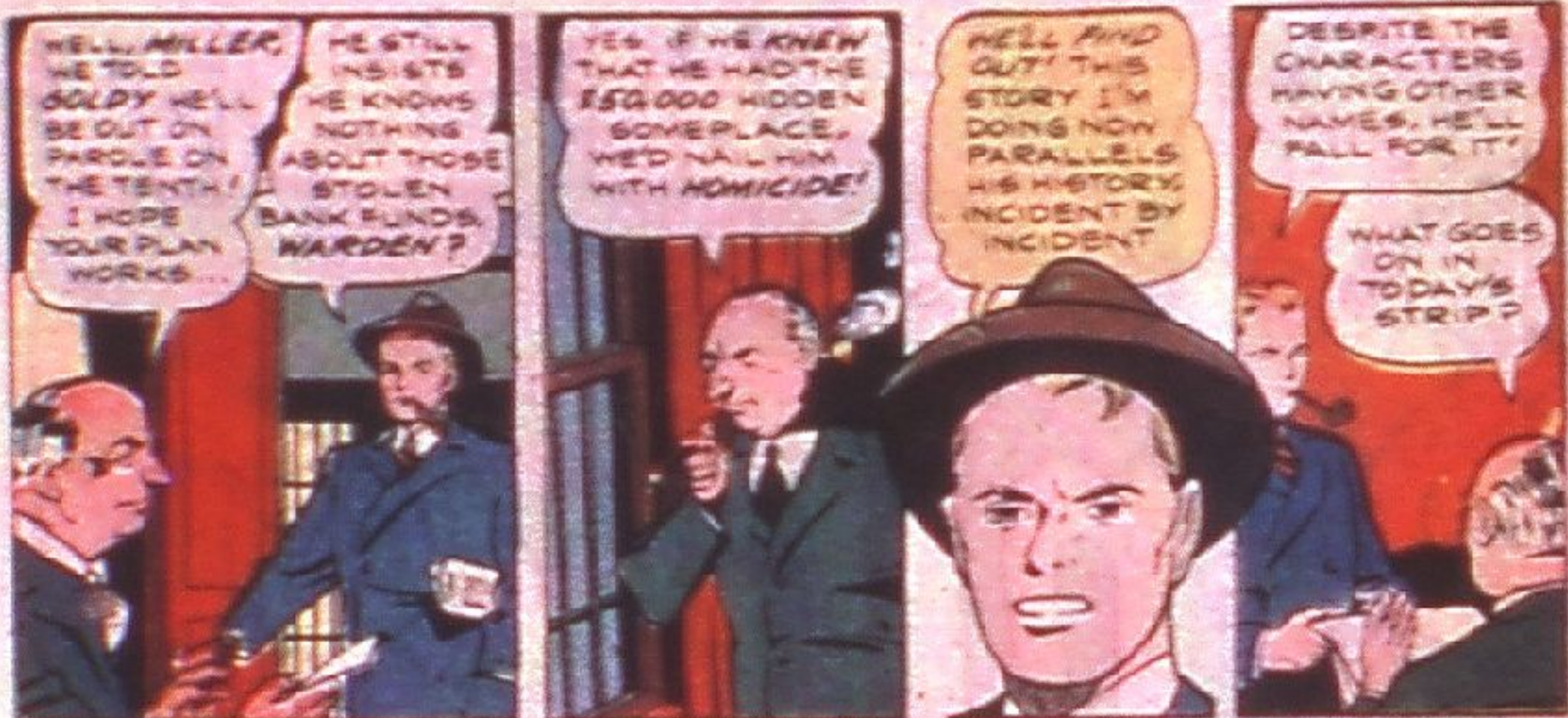
COME ALONG, BENNY!  
THE PAROLE BOARD'S  
REVIEWING YOUR CASE!

HAAA! I KNEW IT.. THAT  
CARTOONIST FINALLY  
SLIPPED UP ON THE  
FACTS... I AIN'T  
GETTIN' NO  
PAROLE!

C'MON,  
GOLDY...

THE PAROLE BOARD'S  
REVIEWING YOUR  
CASE!









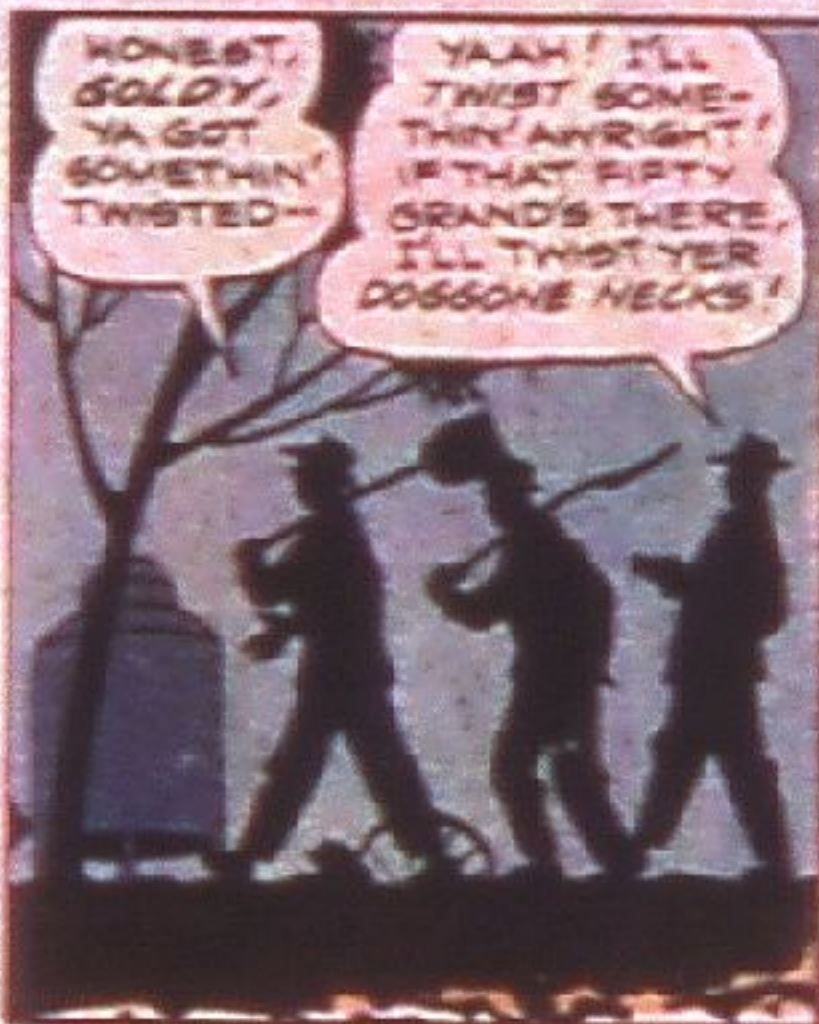
GOLDY!!

YAAH.. YA ~~SEE~~ ~~CRACKS!~~  
THOUGHT YA PUT ONE OVER  
ON ME, HUH? WHERE'D  
YOU LUGS FIND OUT WHERE  
I BURIED  
THAT  
PILE?



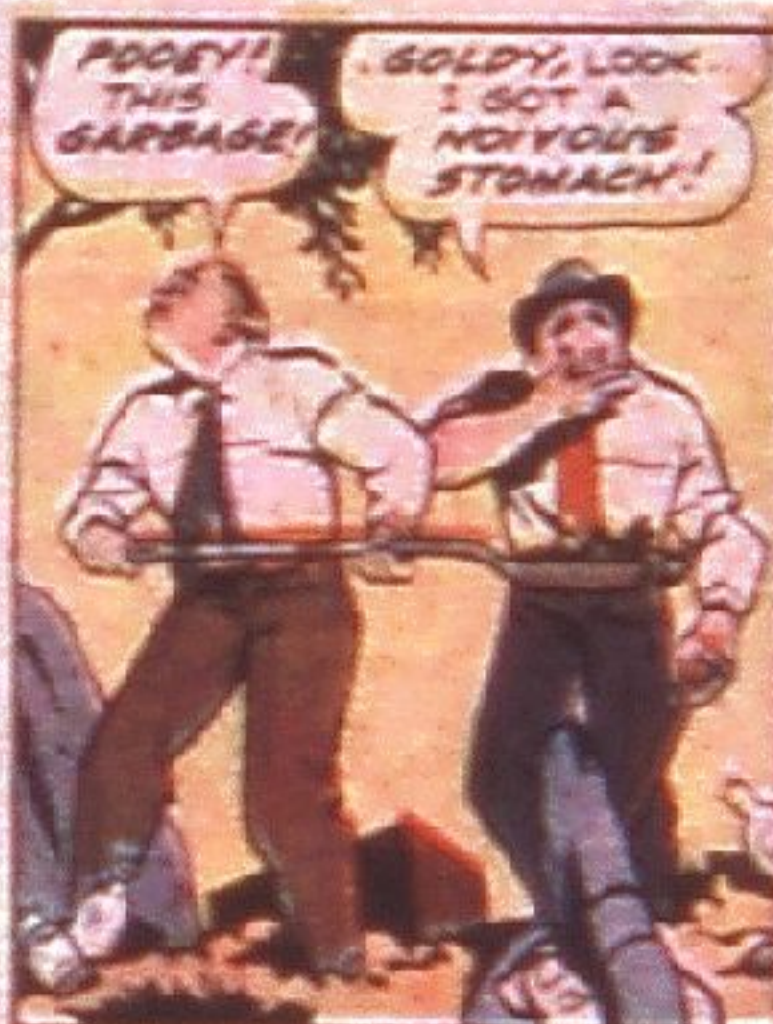
LOOK, GOLDY..  
WE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YA TALKIN'  
A---

NOT MUCH  
YA DON'T!  
S'WAN..  
GRAB SOME  
SHOVELS!  
WE'RE GOIN'  
TO POVERTY  
HOLLOW!



HONEST,  
GOLDY,  
YA GOT  
SOMETHIN'  
TWISTED--

YAAH! I'LL  
TWIST SOME-  
THIN' ANYRIGHT!  
IF THAT FIFTY  
GRAND'S THERE,  
I'LL TWIST YER  
DOSSONE NECKS!



POOBY!  
THIS  
GARBAGE!

GOLDY, LOOK..  
I GOT A  
NOIVOUS  
STOMACH!



\$9,500.. \$10,000! YA  
DIDN'T KNOW NOTHIN'  
ABOUT THIS HERE,  
HEY?



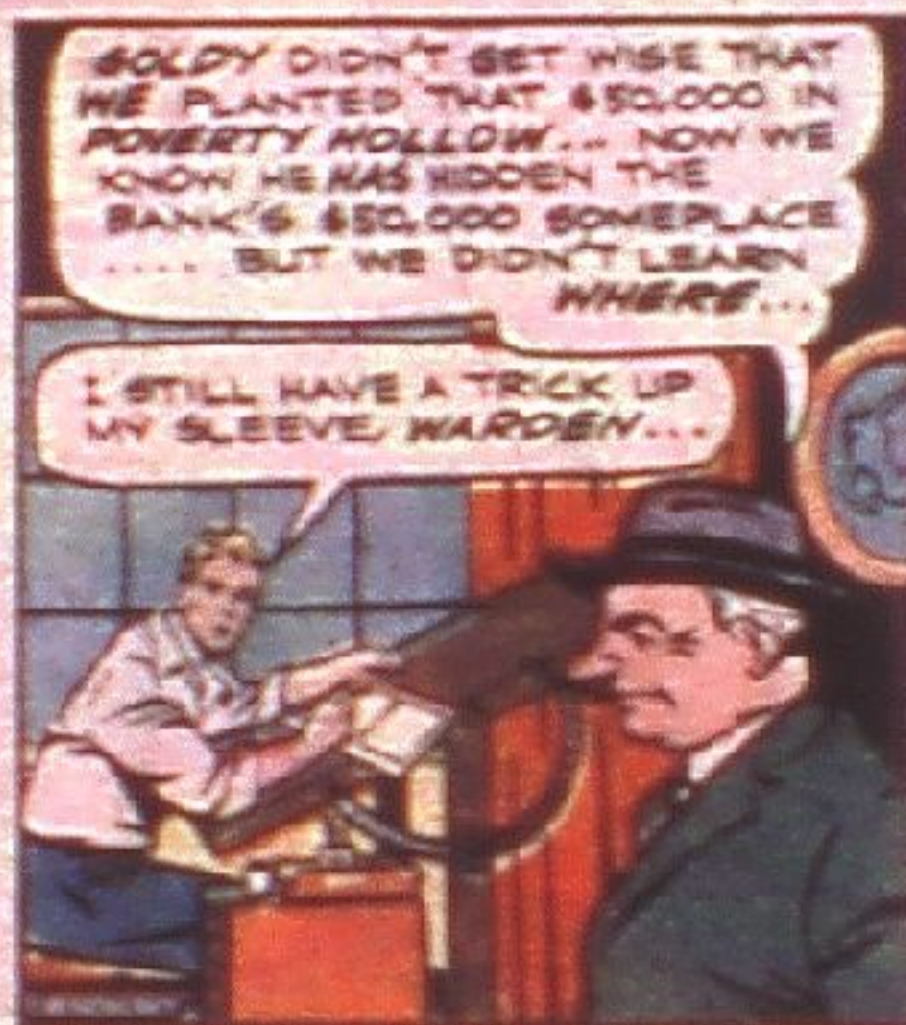
WHERE'D YOU  
WELCHERS GET  
THE INFORMATION?



I-I TELL YA... I  
D-DON'T KNOW, S---

OHMY.. NUTS!











# PURGATORY CANYON

HE SAT his magnificent horse looking down into the dark-filled canyon. It was getting sunset and Hal Trout had no intention of riding down into that abyss at night. Under the morning sun it would look much differently. And certainly it would be more healthy for a hunter who knew no more about it than its grim history which was generally known.

That history went back a long way. In the early Forties a great caravan of covered wagons loaded with Mormons from the East had vanished in Purgatory Canyon. A half dozen Pony Express riders had likewise ridden into its vastness—and never came out. Now four modern prospectors had gone into it looking for precious war metals—nothing had been heard of them. The last one had vanished three weeks past.

Hal Trout had been hired by the Sherrill Mining Development Company to find the lost geologists. He was a native of these wild hills and knew the country well. However, he had never been far into Purgatory Canyon.

There was something ominous about the canyon even in broad daylight. Something grim and foreboding. It discouraged travel into its rocky wilderness. Nesting place of buzzards and hiding place of wolves and coyotes and it was whispered of human beings worse than wolves. It gashed the earth like a horrible mouth of some monster.

Hal Trout had taken the job because of the handsome pay offered. Ordinarily a cow-waddy the money he would receive for this task was more than he'd make in a year of herding white-faces.

But he looked forward to the trek into the wild canyon with no happy anticipations. Not exactly superstitions, Hal! but those old stories couldn't all be bunk. Certainly the four men who had recently vanished

did not stack up as bunk. Hal wondered what his chances were of being successful, what the next day would bring. He bedded down under a big pine after feeding his horse, and for a long time watched the stars come out. Later a great moon slid up over the Rockies and flooded the night with radiance.

An owl hooted nearby and farther off another answered plaintively. Far down in the valley a coyote yipped. Hal's horse pawed the earth and snorted. Something crashed through the brush and went bounding down into the valley. A deer.

It grew cold as night drew on and Hal got up and built a fire with fir and pine boughs. The heat made him drowsy and soon he was back in his blankets, sleeping.

The sun was just appearing when Hal got up, built the fire and began frying bacon and boiling water for coffee.

At seven o'clock Hal had his horse saddled, the cooking utensils stowed in a saddle bag and was heading down toward Purgatory Canyon. He had to ride through a pass, the granite walls of which rose on either side a sheer thousand feet. It was cold in the cliff and the sun had not as yet chased away the night's shadows.

It took nearly an hour for Hal to reach the bottom of the canyon. A madly dashing river thundered through the middle of the chasm, allowing only a narrow rocky strip on either side. The roar of the water rushing over great boulders was deafening.

Hal dismounted and led his horse, because the footing was getting precarious. Once he stopped and looked up. The light was awe-inspiring. The steep walls of the canyon seemed to actually lean inward as if suddenly they would close together like a great mouth. The top was fully three thousand feet above him.

As he progressed, the canyon grew

wider. At noon he had come to a point where there were a good twenty yards of space on either side of the raging river. He plugged on, as yet seeing no sign of the lost prospectors. They must have gone this way, he reasoned, because there was no other.

For three more hours Hal rode, watching the canyon become even wider until by 3:30 it was a mammoth gash a quarter of a mile across. The heat was terrible down there. There was no breeze, and Hal felt faint. He drank often from the river, as did Pat, his horse.

Hal had no idea just what he expected to find. He was to look for the lost geologists, that's all he knew. Well if they were in Purgatory Canyon, he'd find 'em.

He rode on the north side of the river. And gradually that side rose in a gentle ascent. At five thirty, afternoon he was on top of a flat mesa, a good two hundred feet above the river. It would be a fine place to make camp. It would soon be dark in the canyon. There was grass for his horse. He had filled his canteen before leaving the river. He was all set.

He decided to have a look around before nightfall. Hobbling Pat, he strolled off. At the base of the mesa, where it merged into the rock wall of the canyon, he discovered a cave. But he didn't venture inside, morning would be time enough for that. It well could be the lair of some wild beast.

He went back to the campsite and broke out pots and supplies. He raked up enough twigs and bits of greasewood to build a small fire. It was already chilly in the canyon.

At eight o'clock Hal Trout was pulled up in his blankets, dog-tired from a long day's ride.

As he told the story later, he didn't remember what time it was when the throbbing drums awoke him. In a



sort of half-daze he listened to them, or rather felt their vibrations through the ground. Then he saw a flickering light in the entrance of the cave. A bright moon was shining. And abruptly a score of squat, fantastically painted savages rushed from the cave bearing torches and shrieking like madmen. In a moment Hal was surrounded. Two savages—some sort of unknown Indian tribe—quickly bound him with thongs. Then he was gathered up and bundled into the cave.

Swaying between four husky Indians, he was carried for a long time through the gloom of a tunnel; then they were out into a huge cavern so immense that the ceiling was invisible in the flickering torch light.

Hal couldn't understand a word of the savages' dialect. He spoke Spanish and a bit of Blackfoot. But they only glared at him and pointed in a direction Hal couldn't fathom; he was turned around.

The big cavern contained a sort of throne upon which sat a decrepit old man. The chief, Hal supposed. He was cast down before the patriarch, who delivered a brief speech. Then the aged man lifted an arm and a chant began among the savages. It increased in volume until the cavern thrummed.

Then a gaunt, painted Indian leaped forward with an upraised club. And the next instant Hal received a crushing impact on the head—and then darkness.

Eric Vale thought the story sounded a bit ridiculous. He said so with his easy smile and the knowledge of many strange experiences behind him. For there are few men, even veterans, who have tasted adventures such as Eric Vale, explorer-extraordinary.

Lewis Shortliff, President of the big mining company that bore his name, looked at young Vale.

"I know it sounds like a nightmare, Eric. But I've told you the truth. Four mighty important geologists and now this young cowpuncher we sent in. They've simply vanished."

"How long ago did Hal Trout leave?" Eric asked.

"It's been five days now."

"Hmmm. Someone should've tried going into Purgatory Canyon from the other end."

Shortliff grinned sardonically. Whatever that end is, it is somewhere in the Devil's Horse country. A mountain goat couldn't get in there, Eric."

"I'll fly over your canyon in the morning, Mr. Shortliff. Low, and take pictures. If I can find space I'll land in there. I'm anxious to have a go at your canyon photos."

They shook hands then and Eric went to the lodging house where he had rented a room. He pondered this strange situation. It was fantastic, that dope about the strange race of Indians, and that tale about the lost wagon train of Mormons. But these five men who had so recently vanished.

Eric slept well that night, dreaming of hand-to-hand combats with feathered ghost men.

Wind. Screaming wind rushing past his ears awakened Hal Trout. He tore his eyes open. Solid rock walls rushing up past him. He was turning over and over and the bright sunlight blinded him momentarily.

Then he struck the water with a great splash. He shot down—down, into greenish depths. His lungs were burning for air and there was a horrible ripping in his ears. He clawed at the water as if it were some solid force. And he knew that his struggles were shooting him upward. His head broke water and he gulped delicious air. But the powerful current was whirling him in its grip like a piece of driftwood. He was racing along in the middle of Purgatory River, caught in its merciless grasp. The canyon walls rushed past.

Then, half blinded by biting spray, he saw that he was being carried at express speed straight toward a towering wall of solid rock!

Hal cried out, and tried to flail with his arms. But he couldn't lift them against the fiendish pressure of water.

The wall raced toward him. He was going to smash against it—

Sudden darkness, with the river still gripping, hurling him onward. He knew then that this strange river has entered a subterranean passage in the canyon walls. Where was it taking him?

As suddenly as he had entered the passage, he was out in the daylight.

He was being heaved toward a sandy beach. He passed out.

He came to lying on the beach. Several men were squatting around him. One of them grinned. "Welcome to Purgatory, brother! We have been here a good many days, and company is in order!"

It took Hal several seconds to digest this. His senses swam slowly back. These were the lost geologists. Hal sipped some weak tea one of them handed to him. Then the story came out. They had been knocked unconscious by savages and hurled into the river. Just as Hal had been.

Hal looked around. This place was a veritable prison. It was a half mile across, flat, surrounded by thousand-foot cliffs.

"A bird couldn't get out of here, Buddy," one of the men stated. "We're stuck here. There's food, of sorts, and water. That's all."

"You mean you—"

"We've explored every square inch of this place," interrupted one of the prospectors. "No dice. We're trapped as if we were in Alcatraz."

But Hal had to prove this assertion to himself. So for the next two hours he roved around the walls. They were right. There was no getting out. A terrible feeling of dread settled upon him. To be shut in here all the rest of his life!

The next few days passed dully. They ate a sort of squash that grew wild, some berries, and boiled roots that tasted like rotten wood.

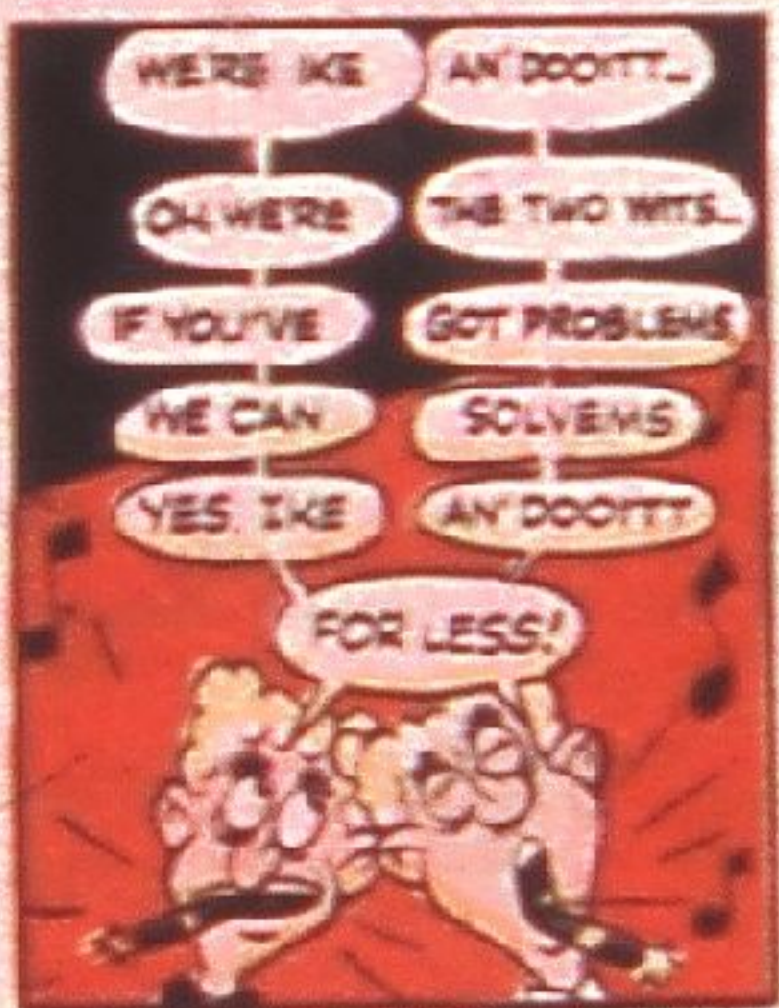
They were sitting on a circle around a small fire, waiting for water to boil for weak tea. Then suddenly a rust broke out over them. A plane swooped down from the west, banked sharply and came down in a neat landing. Every man gave a sharp cry of joy. Eric Vale jumped out of the ship and came toward them. There were hilarious greetings. Then Eric explained that he had heard the weird story of their experiences, that he could take only one at a time out.

"We'll draw lots," one suggested.

When this was over, and the lucky one was aboard, Eric said to the others, "Hold everything. I'll be back in three hours for another of you."

Then he was lifting the ship out of the canyon. As he flew away, he told himself he would explore Purgatory Canyon and see these wild savages who made things hot for every traveler in the dark depths.









SEEMS KINDA SILLY, BUT AS LONG AS HE'S PAYING FOR IT.....

NO! NO! NOT THAT TYPE OF STRIP!... QUICK!... SEE HOW MANY PANELS WE HAVE LEFT!



EIGHT... INCLUDING THIS ONE!

HMM... WE'D BETTER HURRY! - BUT DON YOUR DUOS BEFORE TYPSEY-NOSE LEE SUES US FOR IMPERSONATING A TAKE-IT-OFFICER!



AAAH... I'VE GOT IT!... THE READERS LIKE PLENTY OF BLOOD AND THUNDER! BLEED FOR THE FOLKS, DOOTY!

BUT ALL MY BLOOD IS AT THE BLOOD BANK... COLLECTING SIX PERCENT INTEREST OF COURSE.



THEN KETCHUP WILL HAVE TO DO!... SORT OF A HEINZ HEMMORAGE!

GORY, AINT IT?



COME TO THINK OF IT, IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE TASTED STEAK SMOTHERED IN KETCHUP!

BUT, LIKE - I'M NOT GOVERNMENT INSPECTED MEAT!



AN' BESIDES, I'D USE UP ALL YOUR POINTS, INCLUDING THE ONE YOU'RE STICKING IN ME!

QUITE SO! (SIGH) WELL, AT LEAST OUR READERS GOT THEIR QUOTA OF BLOOD...



BUT WHAT ABOUT THUNDER? AFTER ALL BLOOD WITHOUT THUNDER IS LIKE EGGS WITHOUT BACON!

AND NOT A STORM IN SIGHT! TOH! TOH! TOH!



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CLOUD UP AND MAKE MY OWN SOUND EFFECTS!

WHOEVER HEARD OF THUNDER WITH A KETCHUP ODOOR? HMM! - ONE PANEL LEFT! NO USE LETTING IT GO TO WASTE!



FOR SALE OR RENT! ONE BRAND NEW PANEL! SPECIAL RATES TO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! SEE ME AT DOOTY



# PERKY

By  
Lazarus

SHINE 'EM UP,  
PERKY, MY BOY!  
I'M GONNA BE  
OUT ALL NIGHT!

...SO PERKY VOLUNTEERED  
TO HELP THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN  
IN THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW... BUT  
WHEN PERKY CLIMBED INTO THE  
VANISHING BOX, HE REALLY VANISHED!  
EVERY TIME THE MAGICIAN TURNED  
THE LEVER ON THE BOX, INSTEAD  
OF BRINGING PERKY BACK,  
HE SENT HIM FLYING  
INTO THE MAGICAL  
WORLDS OF FAR  
AWAY AND  
LONG AGO!

GEE, MA!  
CAN I FLY  
AWAY PRETTY  
SOON?

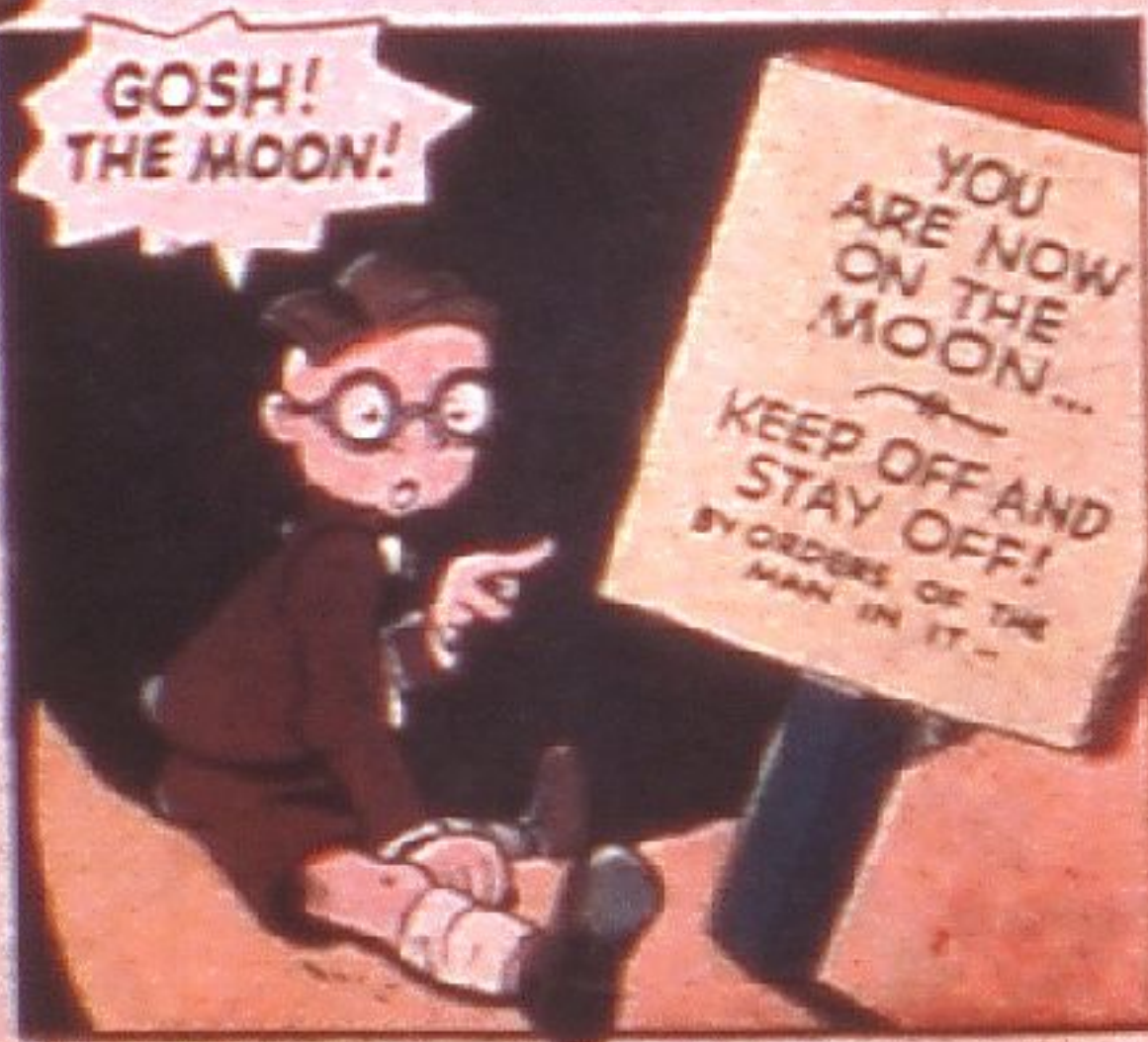
YESSIRREE,  
MR. STAR!



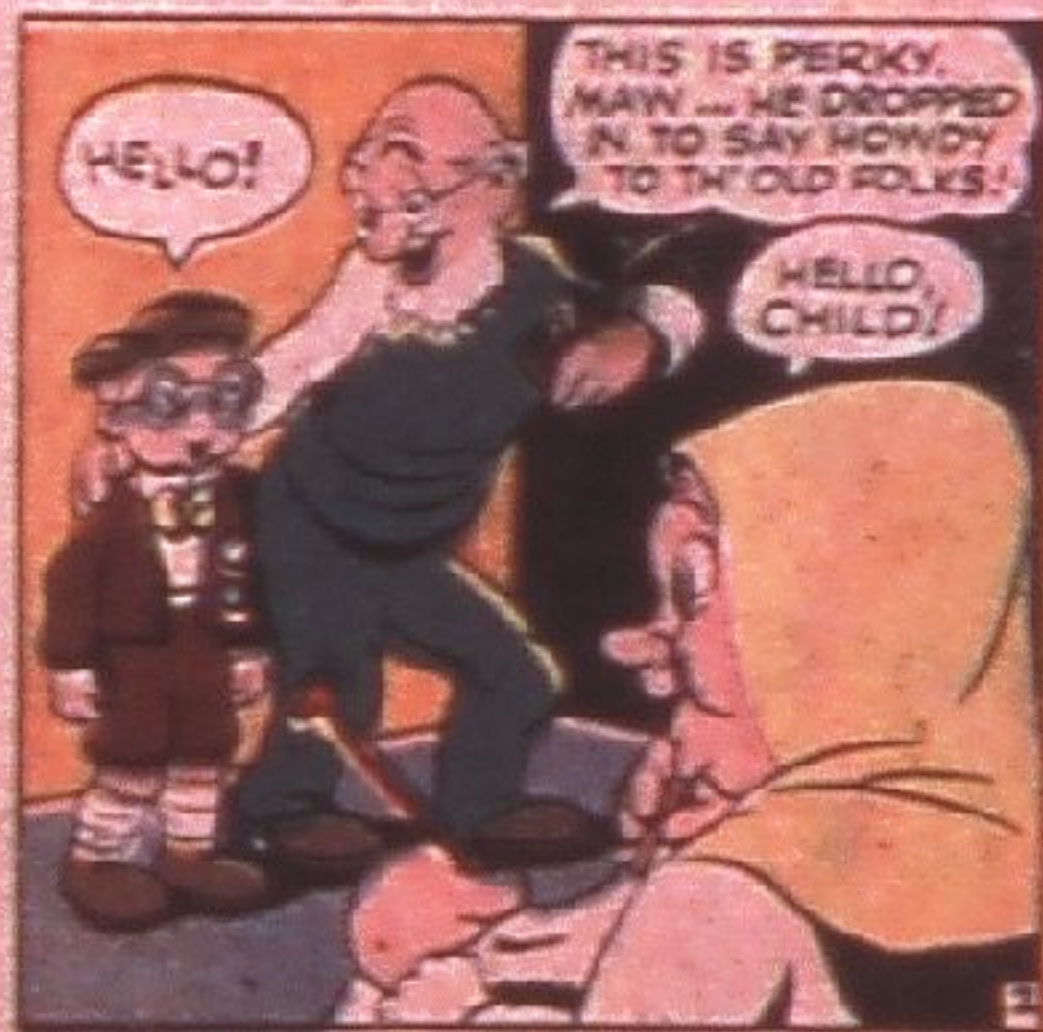
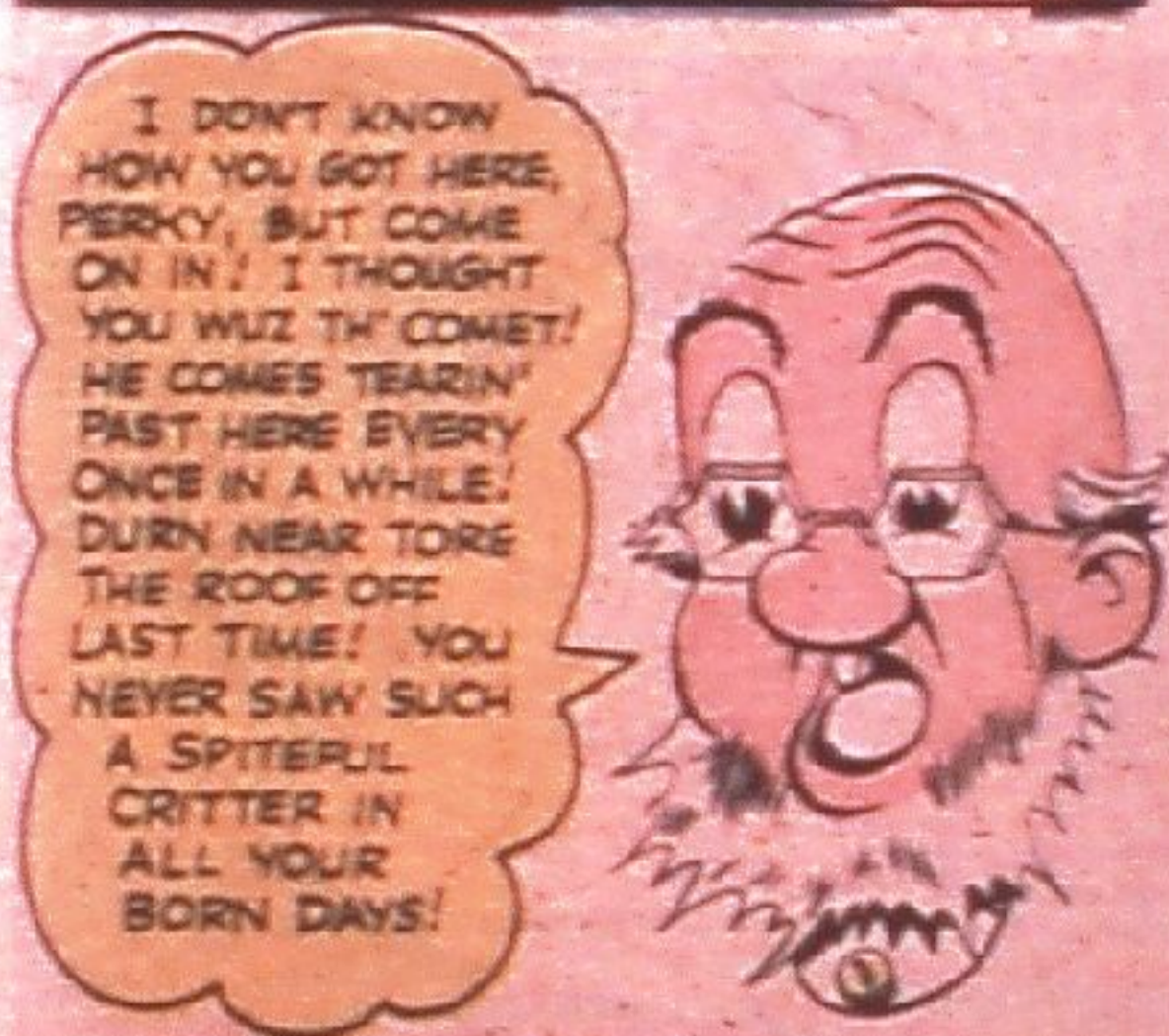
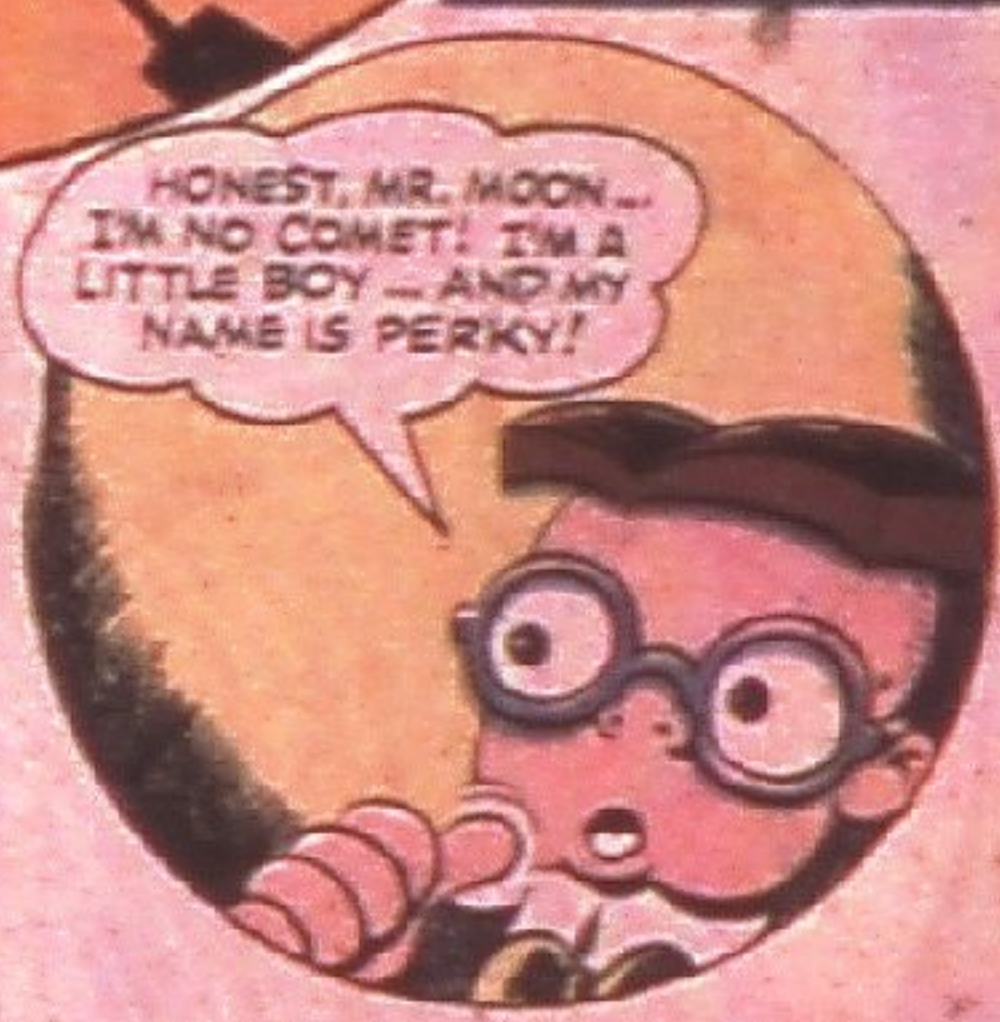
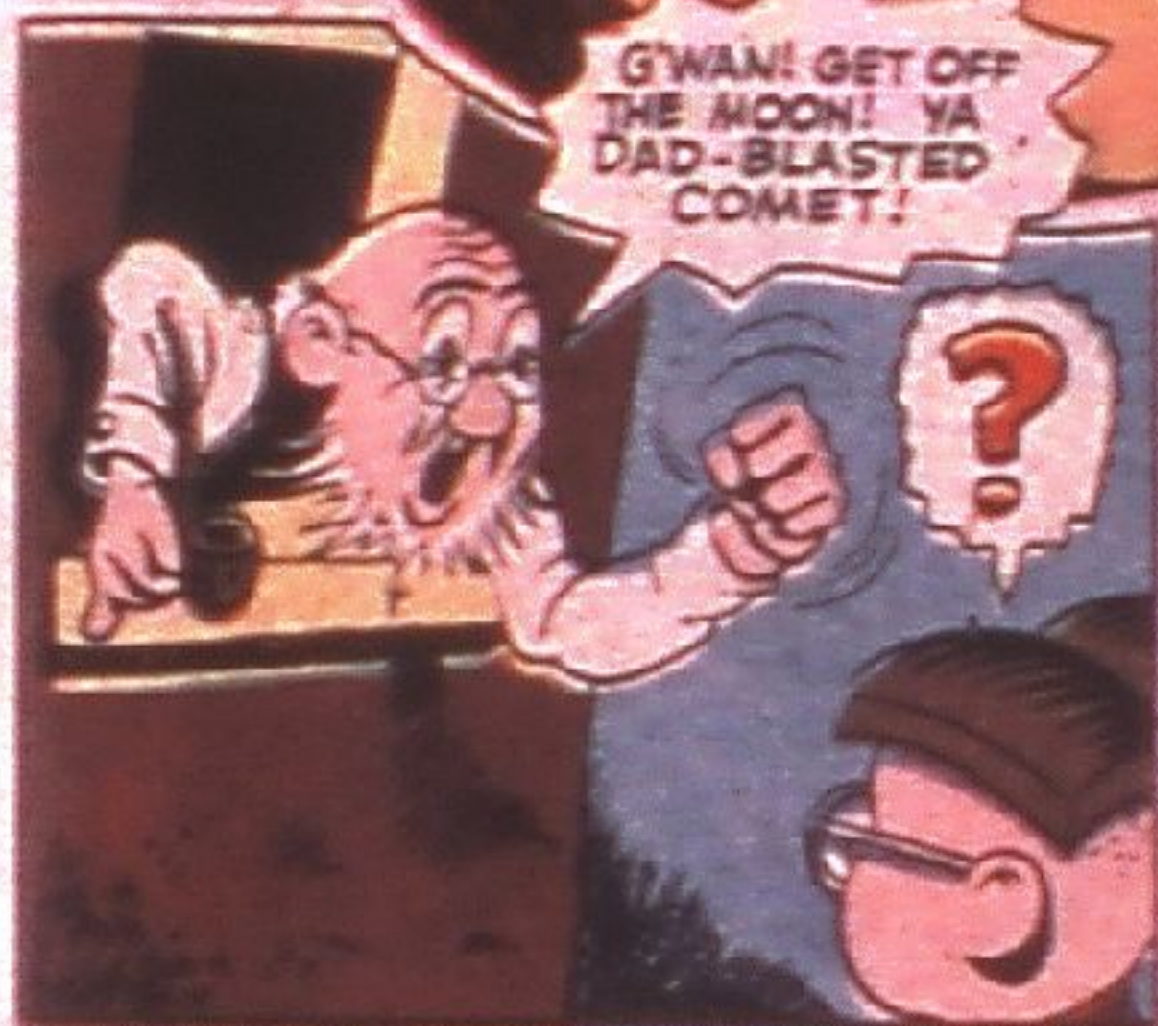
UGH!

GOSH!  
THE MOON!

YOU  
ARE NOW  
ON THE  
MOON...  
KEEP OFF AND  
STAY OFF!  
BY ORDERS OF THE  
MAN IN IT...







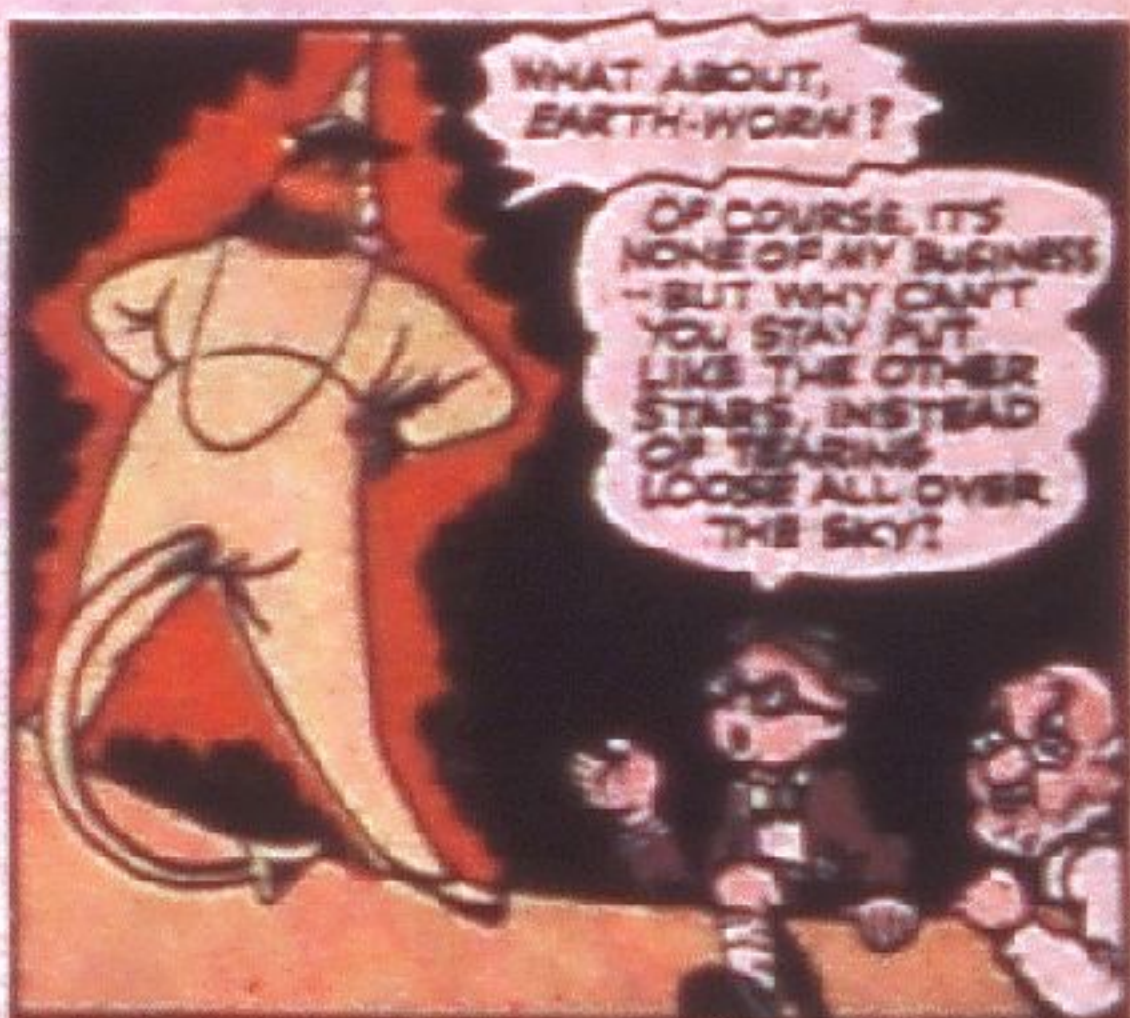






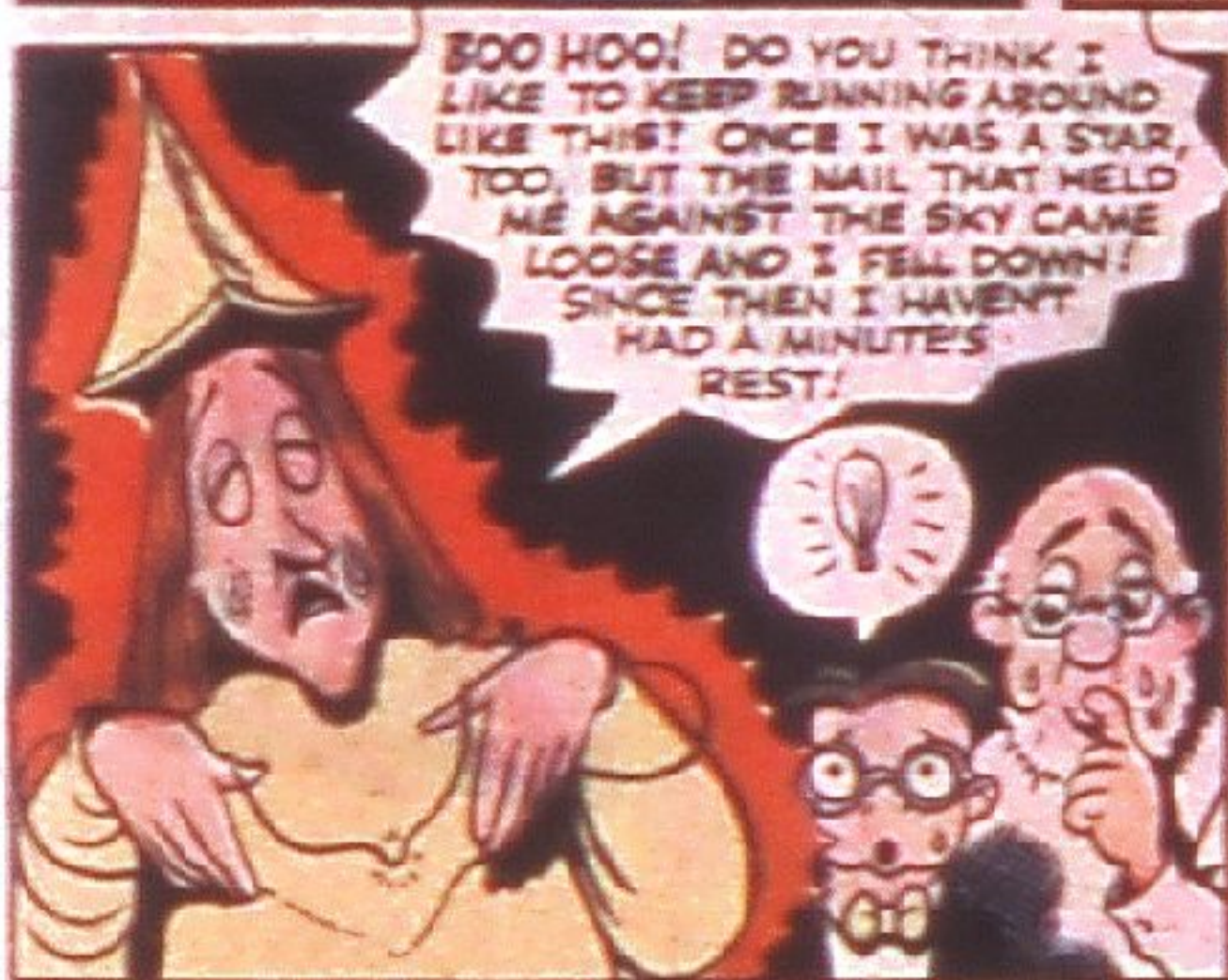


MR. COMET!  
COME BACK!  
I WISH TO  
TALK WITH  
YOU!

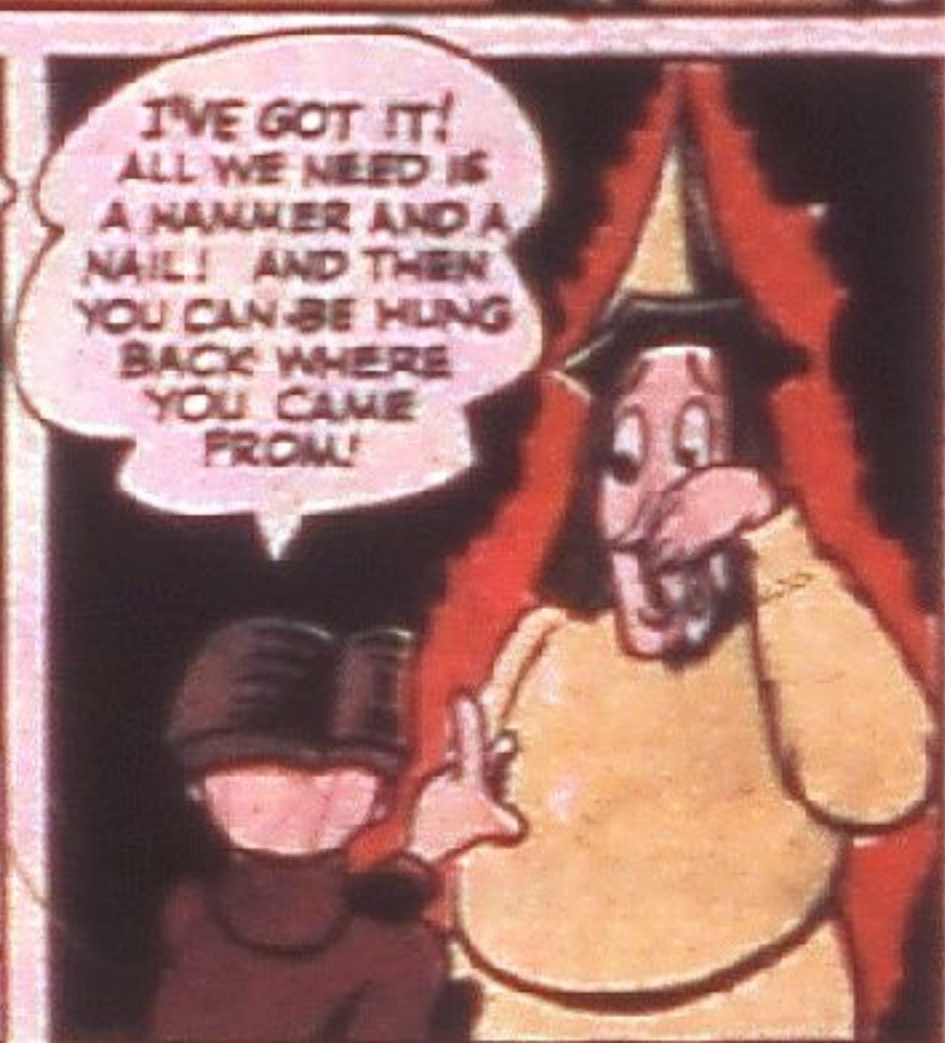


WHAT ABOUT,  
EARTH-WORM?

OF COURSE, ITS  
NONE OF MY BUSINESS  
--BUT WHY CAN'T  
YOU STAY PUT  
LIKE THE OTHER  
STARS, INSTEAD  
OF TEARING  
LOOSE ALL OVER  
THE SKY?



BOO HOO! DO YOU THINK I  
LIKE TO KEEP RUNNING AROUND  
LIKE THIS? ONCE I WAS A STAR,  
TOO, BUT THE NAIL THAT HELD  
ME AGAINST THE SKY CAME  
LOOSE AND I FELL DOWN!  
SINCE THEN I HAVEN'T  
HAD A MINUTE'S  
REST!



I'VE GOT IT!  
ALL WE NEED IS  
A HAMMER AND A  
NAIL! AND THEN  
YOU CAN BE HUNG  
BACK WHERE  
YOU CAME  
FROM!



THE HAMMER-  
HEADS AND THE  
NAIL FOLK LIVE ON  
THE PLANET  
JUPITER! WANT  
TO COME  
ALONG?

YOU BET!



HOLD ON TO  
MY TAIL AND WE'LL  
BE THERE IN A  
JIFFY!

WAIT! YOU MIGHT  
WANT TO SIT DOWN!  
TAKE THIS CLOUD  
ALONG WITH  
YOU!



GOODBYE,  
PERKY!



ON THE PLANET JUPITER ...

AH! THERE'S A HAMMERHEAD!  
-AND A NAIL, TOO! AH-OY, MATES!  
WOULD YOU BOYS DO ME A  
GREAT FAVOR?

MY STARS!  
A REAL COMET!  
WHAT'S ON  
YOUR MIND,  
BUD?

I DON'T WANT TO BE  
A COMET ANY MORE! IF  
YOU CAN NAIL ME BACK  
INTO THE SKY, I CAN  
BECOME A STAR, SAME  
AS I USED TO BE!

IF I CAN  
NAIL YOU BACK!  
LISTEN, BRIGHT-EYES!  
YOU'RE TALKIN' TO  
THE TOUGHEST  
SLUGGER  
IN THE  
BUSINESS!



WATCH THIS!  
SEE THAT NAIL??...  
ALLEY OOP!

OH-OH!  
HERE WE  
GO, PLAYING  
GAMES  
AGAIN!



IN  
SHE  
GOES!...

...AND OUT  
SHE  
COMES!



HEY! TOPHEAVY!  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
A STEADY JOB?  
--LIKE HOLDING  
UP A STAR?

HEAVENLY!



THEN WHAT  
ARE WE WAITING  
FOR? LET'S  
**GLOW!**









# THE BLACK CONDOR

SUPPOSE YOU WERE ELECTED &...  
YOU'RE CHOSEN TO SERVE AS SENATOR  
IN WASHINGTON, REPRESENTING THE  
PEOPLE OF YOUR STATE, AND THE  
COUNTRY!  
READ THIS STORY AS THE BLACK  
CONDOR TAKES UNDER HIS WING,  
A NEW KIND OF HERO IN THIS STIR-  
RING TALE OF A SIMPLE, HONEST  
MAN, IN THE GREATEST TRIAL OF HIS  
LIFE... THE STORY OF "ELMER BRIGGS"  
UNITED STATES SENATOR!



A YOUNG  
COUNTRY  
BUMPKIN!

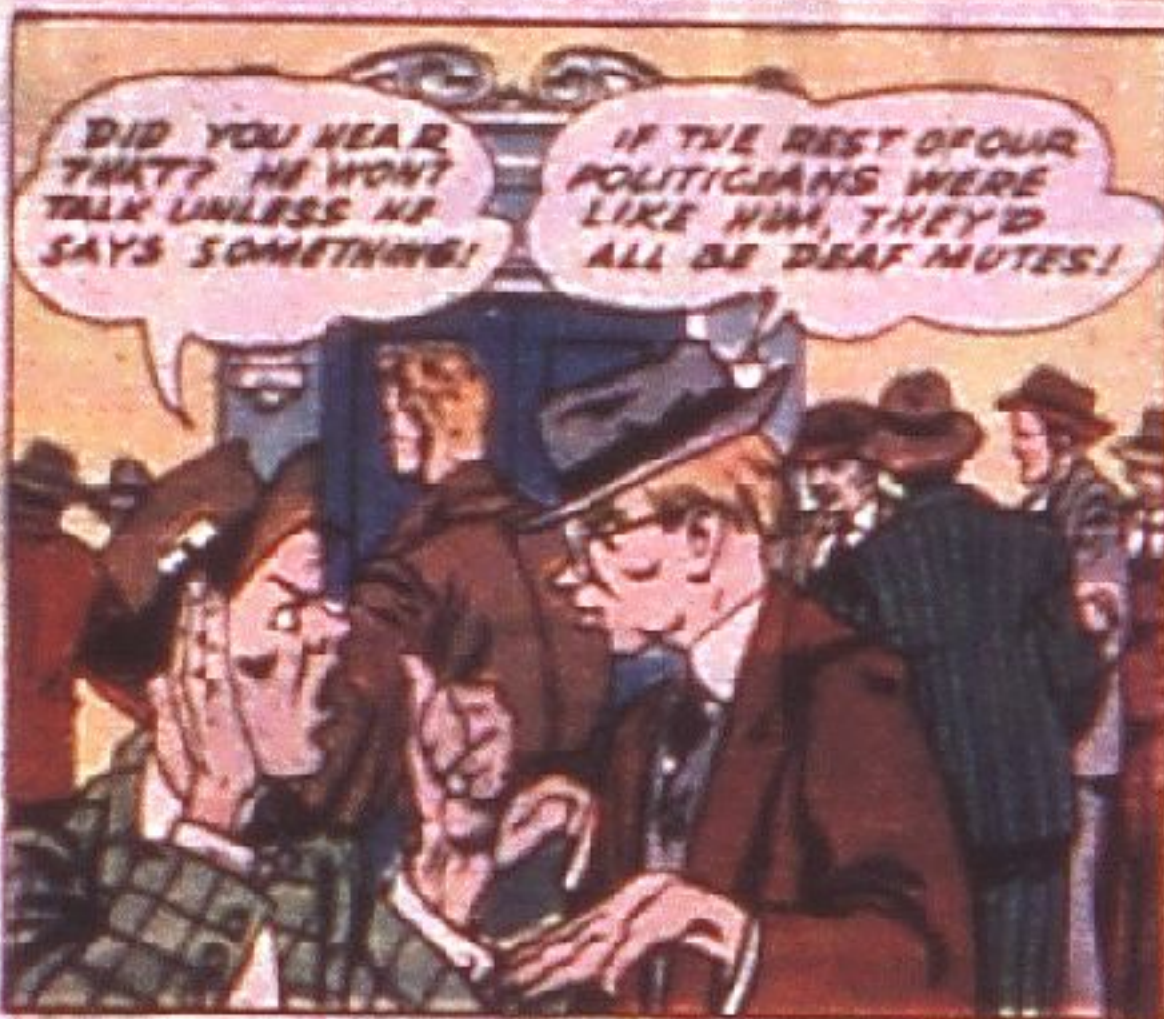
OUTRAGEOUS!  
NEVER HEARD  
OF HIM!

INCREDIBLE!

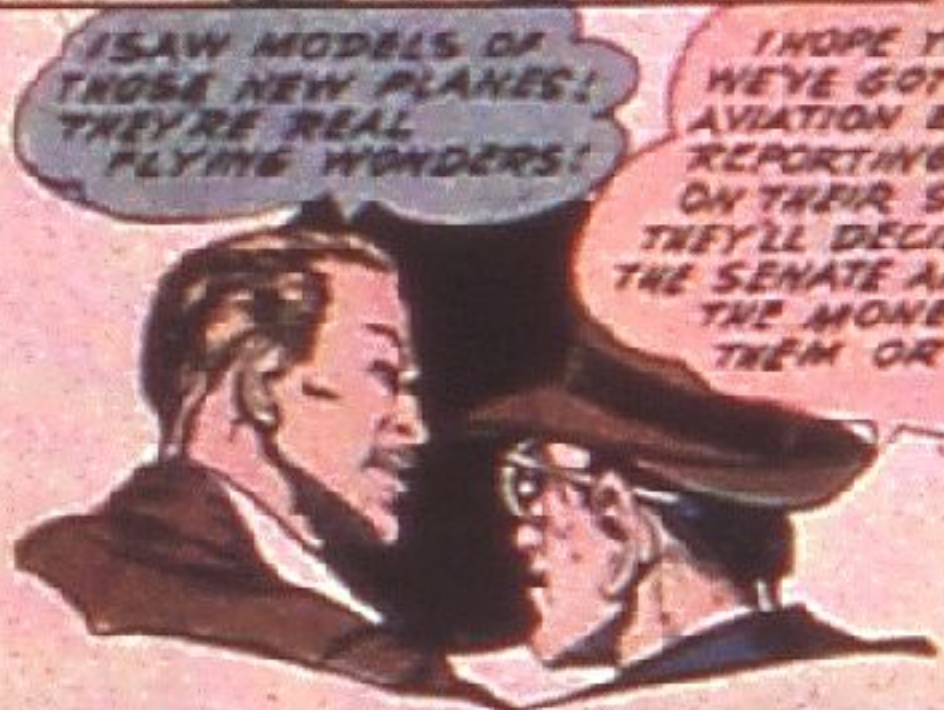




ELMER BRIGGS DIDN'T BELONG IN WASHINGTON... HE WASN'T A POLITICIAN. HE WAS A COUNTRY BOY, FULL OF GRAND IDEAS ABOUT AMERICA.





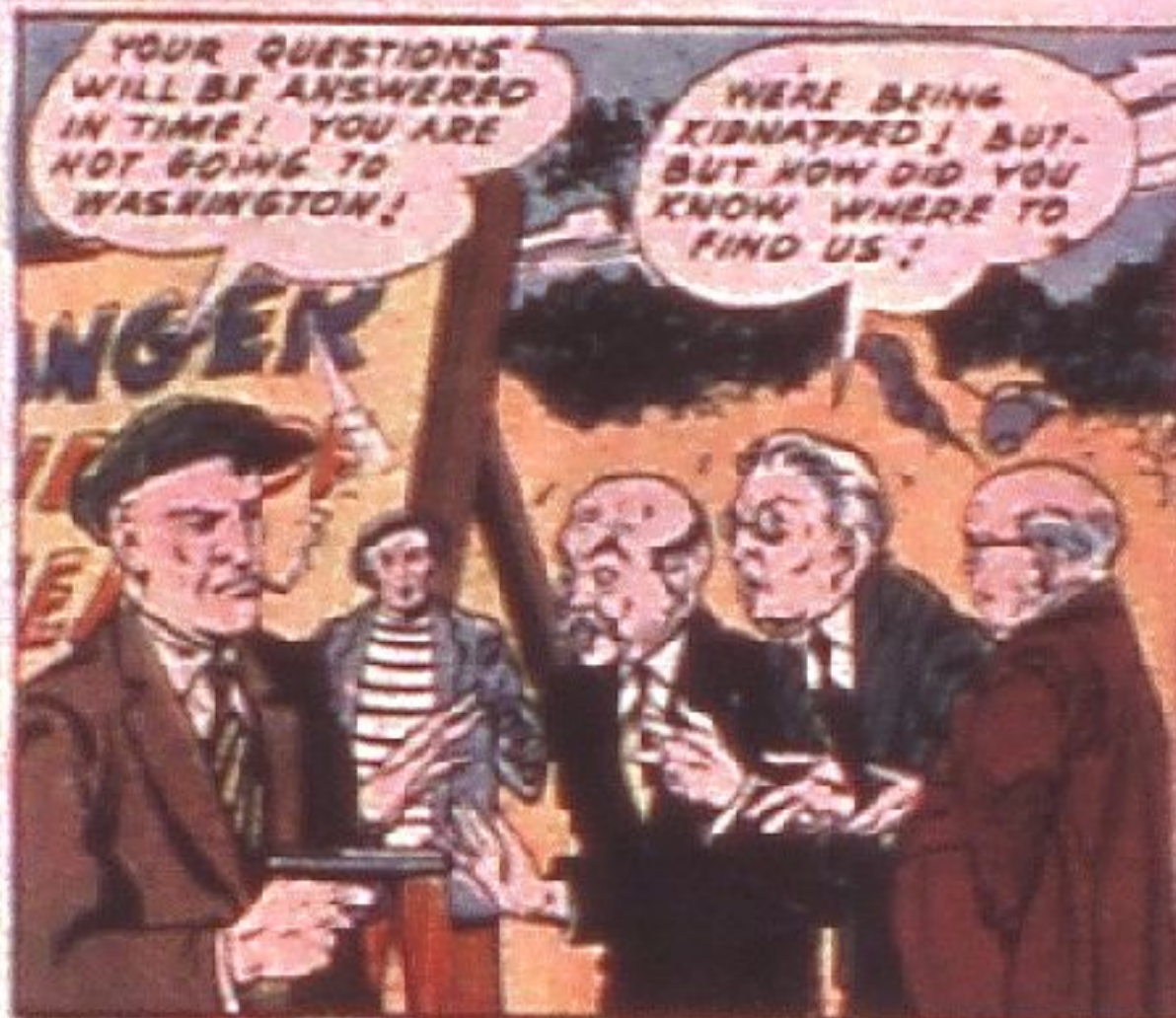


I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'VE GOT THREE AVIATION EXPERTS REPORTING TODAY ON THEIR SUCCESS!... THEY'LL DECIDE WHETHER THE SENATE APPROPRIATES THE MONEY TO BUILD THEM OR NOT!

WHILE THE SENATE CONVENES IN WASHINGTON... A LONG CAR RACES OVER A NARROW ROAD, CARRYING THE THREE IMPORTANT WITNESSES WHOSE TESTIMONY WILL DECIDE THE FATE OF THE NEW TRANSPORT PLANES.









IN THE SENATE ONE VOTE IS CAST AGAINST THE COMMITTEE RECOMMENDATION... BY NEWLY ELECTED SENATOR ELMER BRIGGS-



I'M GOING TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT KIND OF EXPERTS TESTIFIED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE! YOU CAN'T VOTE THIS BILL DOWN UNTIL I DO!



STILL LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, EN, BRIGGS!





MINUTES LATER, MILD MANNERED SENATOR TOM WRIGHT BE- COMES THE BLACK CONDOR AND TAKES THE TRAIL...



I CAN SPOT THE CAR FROM UP HERE!

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT BUILDING! SA-AY! THOSE MEN LOOK LIKE...



... THEY WERE THE MEN WHO TESTIFIED BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE!



INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE THREE SPIES RE- PORT TO THE MASTER...



WE CARRIED OUT INSTRUCTIONS MASTER!

BUT THE YOUNG SENATOR ELMER BRIGGS ESCAPED!

GET RID OF HIM! HE'S THE SORT OF CRAZY FOOL WHO WOULD RUIN EVERYTHING.

THE SENATE HAS TAKEN NO ACTION ON APPROPRIATING MONEY FOR A NEW TYPE OF TRANSPORT PLANE! SENATOR ELMER BRIGGS NOW HAS THE FLOOR AND HAS BEEN TALKING FOR OVER AN HOUR! NO ONE SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM STOP...



GO! STOP HIM AT ONCE!



YES MASTER!

THE BLACK CONDOR!

WERE YOU EXPECTING ME?







AS SWEEP OF THE BLACK CONDOR'S WINGS CARRIES HIM SAFELY OUT OF RANGE.



YOU'LL PAY THE SAME PENALTY AS ALL TRAITORS.



IN ANOTHER ROOM THE BLACK CONDOR FINDS THE GANG'S CAPTIVES...



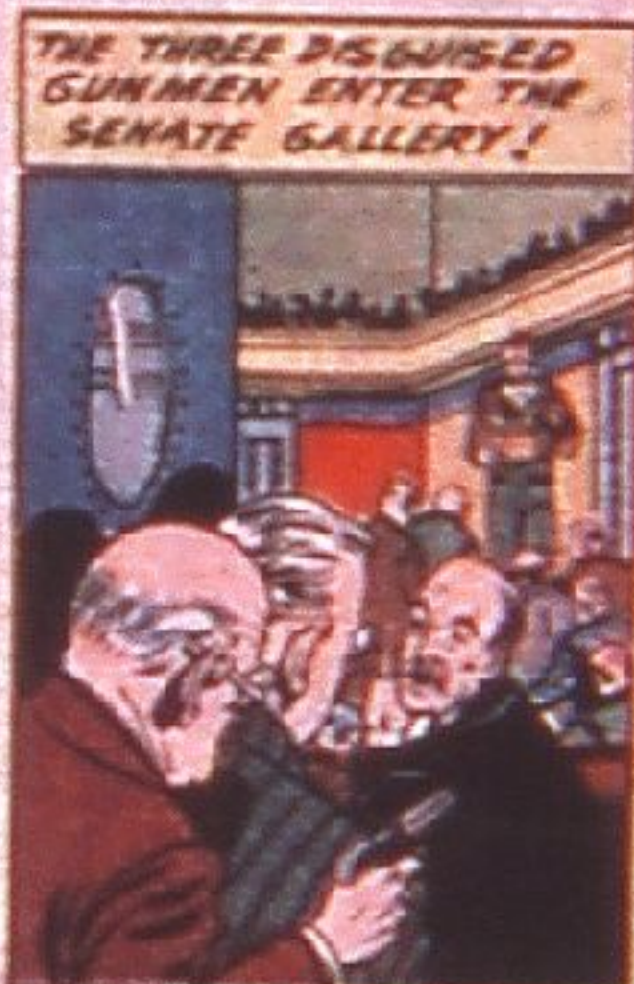
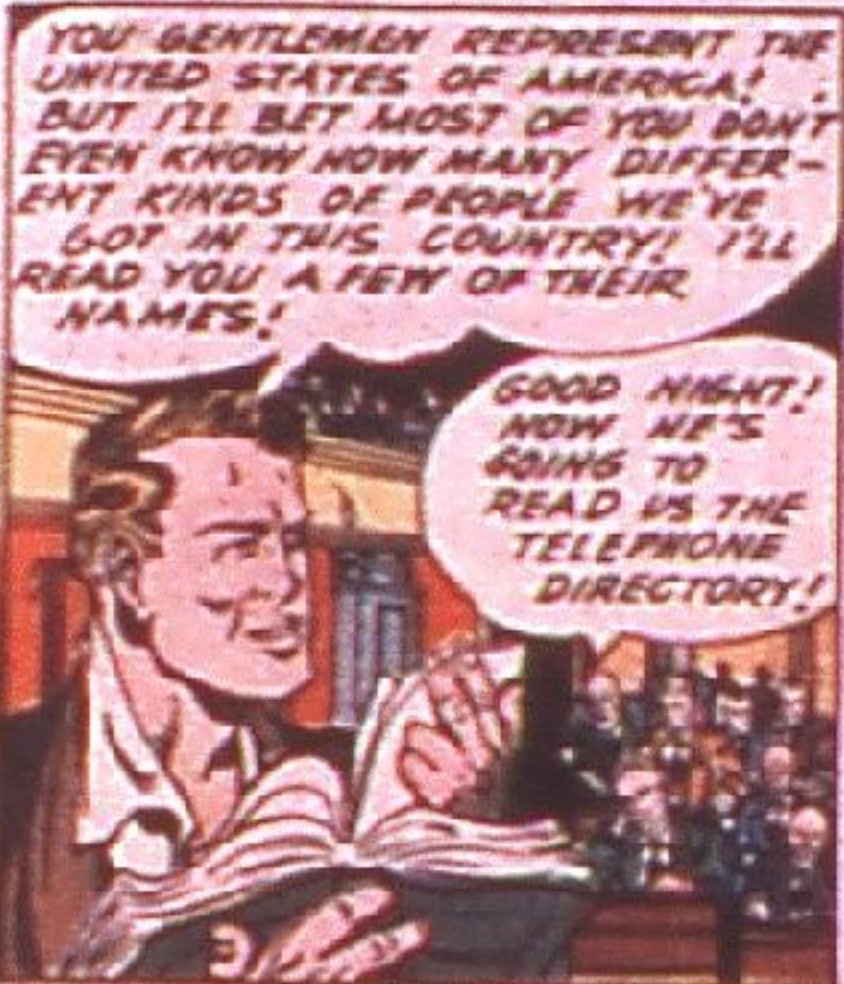
THEY WERE GOING TO KILL US... MAKE IT APPEAR AN ACCIDENT! NO ONE WOULD EVER HAVE FOUND OUT OF THE TRUTH!



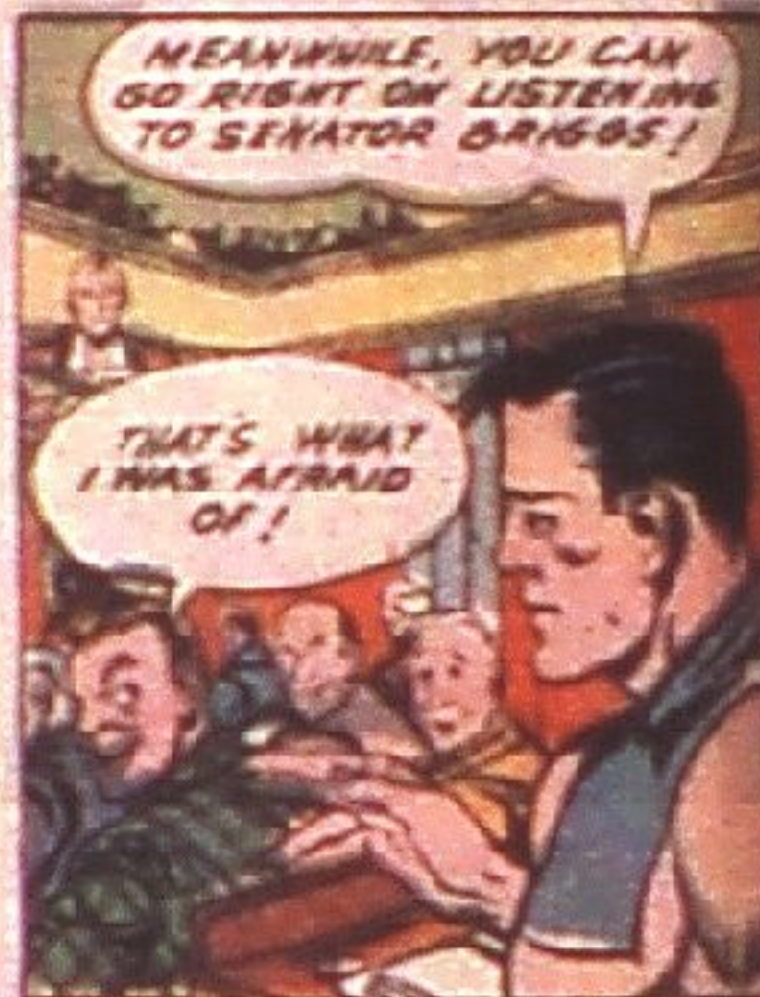
SEND FOR THE POLICE! I'VE GOT TO CATCH A FEW RATS WHO ESCAPED THE TRAP... BEFORE THEY DO ANY DAMAGE!











DEMOCRACY IS NOT SLOW IN ACTION... ONCE IT LEARNS THE TRUTH... NEXT DAY'S HEADLINES BLAZE THE NEWS FROM COAST TO COAST...

THAT NIGHT A GROUP OF SENATORS GIVE A TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO ELMER BRIGGS...

SENATOR BRIGGS WISHES TO CONVEY HIS THANKS FOR YOUR KINDNESS! BUT HE ASKS TO BE EXCUSED FROM MAKING A SPEECH...



HE TALKED SO MUCH YESTERDAY THAT HE... BR... LOST HIS VOICE!



**JOURNAL**

**SENATE AUTHORIZES TRANSPORTS**

INCREDIBLE HOAX BY TRAITORS REVEALED  
JOE LOGAN CORRESPONDENT IN CUSTODY

ARE YOU FOLLOWING PLASTIC MAN EVERY MONTH IN POLICE COMICS?



**HI FELLERS!**  
**EARN MONEY, PRIZES**  
**and**  
**WAR SAVINGS STAMPS**



How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Men alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 22 inches. A real hero's flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wristwatch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

BASEBALLS  
 KNIVES  
 FISHING EQUIPMENT  
 SCOUT EQUIPMENT  
 KEROSENE STOVE - GAMES  
 MODEL AIRPLANES  
 WAR STAMPS - ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT



## Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

**CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY**

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996  
 The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company  
 Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Send me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Boy! Oh! Boy!

What **MUSCLE**...  
What a **BUILD**... What **SPEED**!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With  
**STRENGTH LIKE THIS!**

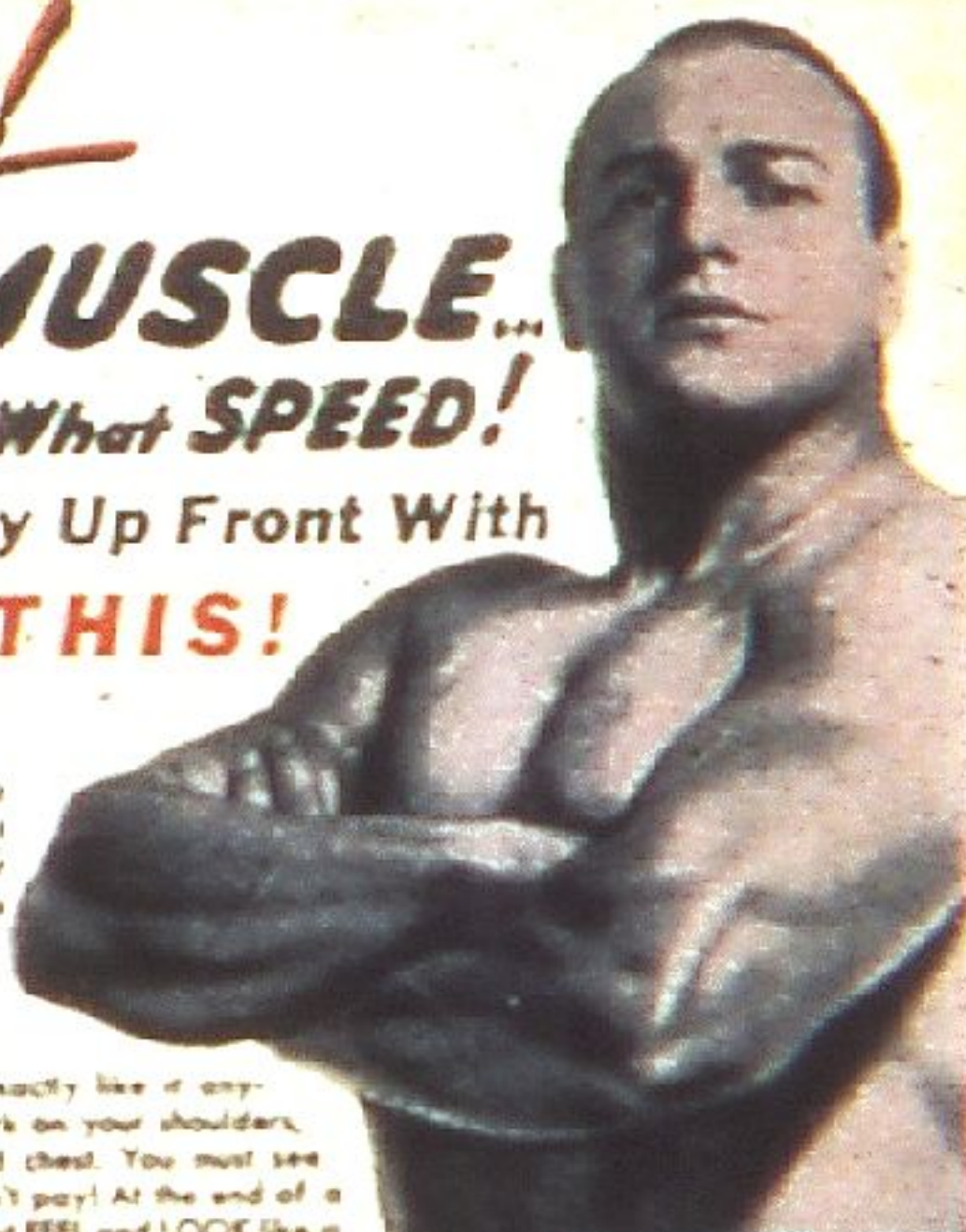
Let me show you what I can do for you!

Know what you want? Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

**POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!**

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person. I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must **FEEL** and **LOOK** like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!



Now if YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything!



Now if YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed!

Now if YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded!



Now if YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy, or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars at bars.

## Read These Two Letters

From Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development—power, strength, endurance. The secret and short cuts you reveal with your system of built development are invaluable and I can't endorse your course too highly.

From

Bernard Macfadden—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already credit to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. There's nothing you can't do.

## Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this upper body! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, badder physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do. My proposition goes for YOU! Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

## This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is **BETTER** than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially posed Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-one of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original SINGER-EASES to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing, and other subjects. I'll send you all the secrets of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. That's all! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

## And, Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the shipping \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 in full, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Better Than My  
**\$25.00** COURSE  
Only **\$1.95**  
FULL PRICE

## FREE FOR PROMPT ACTION!

5 Inspiration Photo-Prints of 5 Famous Muscular Champions. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY  
Just Mail This Coupon

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's **BETTER** than your \$25.00 Hollywood Course! Send it along. I will pay the postage \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not thoroughly satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Name .....

Address .....

CITY & State .....

Age ..... Height ..... Weight .....

Now Postage by enclosing \$1.95 in full. **EF**  
Same money back guarantee applies, of course.

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!

TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letter from Jack Dempsey and Bernard Macfadden speaks for themselves.  
JOE BONOMO